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The Present State of Australia; a Description of the Country, its Advantages and Prospects, with Reference to Emigration; and a particular Account of the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the Aboriginal Inhabitants. By Robert Dawson, Esq. late Chief Agent of the Australian Agricultural Company. 8vo. London, 1830. Smith, Elder & Co.

THE motives and pretensions of individuals who set forth opinions for the guidance of the public, in estimating the advantages or disadvantages of distant settlements, should be examined with the most jealous scrutiny. Works, encouraging, or dissuading from colonization involve considerations of infinitely greater moment than style or type—the ordinary *pabulum* of criticism. To many they may prove Books of Fate—determining by the warmth or faintness of their colouring, whether troops of anxious parents, and the objects of their fondest solicitude, shall relinquish a cheerless struggle in a “land not able to bear them,” and wed their fortunes to the virgin soil of an unexplored region, or abide in the country of their birth, fighting the hard battle of grinding labour, without the slightest prospect of independence.

Ill-requited industry, desirous of a fair field of adventure, runs a thousand chances of being misled by delusive lights. The scheming speculator puffs off his mosquito swamp as a Poyais Eden. The professional travel-writer infuses into his narrative the saleable ingredients of picturesque romance. Even emigrant friends,—from pride that shuns the acknowledgment of disappointed hopes, or a longing to have partners in difficulty,—are frequently deceptive counselors. They expatiate on the beauty of the lake, the grandeur of the forest, and the fertility of the prairie—omitting the torments of ague, the absence of roads, with the multiplied privations incidental to those, the smoke of whose hearth ascends in the bosom of the wilderness—the solitary sign of advancing civilization.

For some time past the eye of enterprise has been directed to the south, attracted by reports of the superlative productiveness of our *island-continent*, New Holland. Numbers, on the faith of loose and exaggerated statements, sought the land of promise, big with the brightest anticipations. Not a few were awakened from their dream of instant opulence, by obstacles which, from previous habits, they despaired to overcome. Broken in spirit, they saw everything through the medium of their distempered feelings, and balanced accounts with the colony by invectives as unmeasured as the extravagant descriptions that seduced them into a sphere for which they were totally unfitted.

Our acquaintance with New Holland is but of yesterday. A comparatively brief series

of years will materially alter its aspect; and now, while the native is still a tenant of “the bush,” and while European labour pines in vain for employment at home, it is speculatively and practically of the utmost importance, that accounts regarding it should neither be dictated by partiality nor prejudice. The author of the work before us appears perfectly free from either imputation. His fitness, in other respects, for the task he has undertaken, remains to be considered.

Mr. Dawson’s farming experience and general attainments recommended him to the directors of the Australian Agricultural Company, as a proper person to select and settle their grant of land in New South Wales, amounting to one million of acres. In November 1825, he arrived at Sydney with a train of nearly eighty persons, and a heavy charge of stores and cattle. He chose the company’s ground at Port Stephens, situated on the coast about a hundred and ten miles north of the town of Sydney by water, and about two hundred miles by land. Invested with magisterial powers, he there presided over free servants, convicts, and occasional native assistants. His duties were of the most multifarious character. Under his superintendence stations were formed for operations extending over 200,000 acres—flocks and herds were judiciously distributed—provision and occupation afforded to almost six hundred souls—permanent dwelling-houses, shops for various trades, and barracks erected—large enclosures constructed—a schooner and other small craft built and equipped—between two and three hundred acres cleared and cultivated, and arrangements made for establishing a dairy farm on a superior scale. All this was the work of three years. Mr. Dawson quitted the colony early in 1829, leaving on the grant about one hundred and sixty horses, seventeen hundred head of cattle, and fourteen thousand sheep. His treatment by his employers induced him, after his return, to publish a statement, from which it appears that his services were requited in the true spirit of corporative equity. A more liberal patron, Lord Barrington, has since availed himself of his skill, and Captain Sir Edward Parry has succeeded to the administration of the affairs of the Australian Association.

The comprehensive nature of Mr. Dawson’s duties, and the monuments he left of his exertions, demonstrate that no man could stand in more favourable circumstances than he did, for, appreciating the exact amount of benefit to be derived from location in New South Wales. A disposition patient and benevolent, a sound understanding, and ample agricultural knowledge, enabled him to make the best use of his position; and that he has done so, is abundantly testified by the present record of his observations. The narra-

tive portion of his book is distinguished by delightful simplicity, and the characteristic features of the poor misrepresented aboriginals sketched with dramatic accuracy, and which is more creditable still, with affectionate zeal, to show that these untutored children of the woods possess the essential claims of humanity to the confidence and protection of their species. Mr. Dawson was quite a *Las Casas* among the natives, and from the story of their intercourse, the philosopher may derive new facts—the general reader a fund of agreeable information. Those, whose thoughts are fixed upon emigration to Australia, will find the question discussed, both specifically and incidentally, to a highly satisfactory extent, embracing in detail soil, scenery, climate, pasturage, crops, herds, flocks, and the comparative value of forced and voluntary labour.

That we may give our readers as liberal a sample of the contents of this excellent volume as our limits will admit, we shall intersperse our extracts with as few remarks as possible.

Sydney and its Inhabitants.

“Sydney, from the Cove, has the appearance of a considerable town standing upon an eminence. The buildings, streets, &c. do not in general remind a person of its recent origin; nor is there any deficiency of accommodation and comforts there more than in a country town in England. It is increasing very fast. The small houses that the first settlers erected are everywhere giving way to larger structures of hewn stone, and warehouses of considerable magnitude are rising up near the water-side, indicating the prosperity of the merchants as well as the rapid increase of population. On every side of the town, houses are being erected on new ground; steam-engines and distilleries are at work; so that in a short time a city will rise up in this new world equal to anything out of Europe, and probably superior to any other which was ever created in the same space of time.

“The less I say of the society the better. As in all small communities there is a jostling of interests, and a contention for precedence and power, that generate parties, which are kept alive by unprincipled individuals, who having sprung from nothing, and having no characters to lose, delight in reducing others to a level with themselves. Let it not, however, be supposed that I allude exclusively, to those who have been involuntary exiles, some of whom, both in their dealings and general conduct, are highly respectable. The greater share, I believe, of the convertible property of the colony, rests with this class; and they therefore possess, in the various transactions of life, that degree of influence, both good and bad, which property may be supposed to give them in such a situation, and which too frequently renders them the objects of the envy and jealousy of certain of the voluntary exiles, whose principles and conduct leave them little to boast of in *any* state of society.” p. 46-7.

Scenery and Travelling.

"This country differs in some degree from the ideas I had of it from the representations made to me in England. It is not, in general, that picturesque and romantic country so much talked of there, although the scenery is sometimes very fine. A traveller may go many miles in a wood, even in the located districts, without seeing any traces of human habitations; and when he approaches a settler's place, he sees a house and a few straggling buildings in the centre of fifty or a hundred acres of cleared, or, more generally, of partially cleared land, surrounded by an apparently interminable wood, or trees without underwood. Occasionally, houses of more important consideration are met with, surrounded by farm and other buildings, as in England, and placed in fine situations, which command views beyond the surrounding woodland; but there are not many of these above twenty miles from Sidney. There is seldom, if ever, any brushwood to be seen. Where the soil is pretty good it is lightly timbered, occasionally resembling a gentleman's park; but the traveller soon loses this idea, from finding no mansion at the end of the scene. He plods on from park to park, as it were, all day, and rests at night, with his horse tethered beside him, near some pool of water. He then strikes a light, and makes a fire to boil his kettle and fry his bacon. If he can afford a tent with a pack-horse, he will of course have one; if not, a blanket and the hard ground are his bed and covering. If it rains, he strips off a sheet of bark from the nearest tree, and lies under it secure from harm. Should he get wet, he rarely takes cold, or experiences any other than a momentary inconvenience on awaking in the morning."

"If we could get rid of two annoyances, and introduce two European enjoyments in lieu of them, this would be the most agreeable climate in the world. The exportation would be the musquitos and the locusts; (the latter inhabit the trees in swarms, and during summer make the most disagreeable singing noise imaginable); the importation would be your singing birds and cool streams. We have our singing birds too, but not like the nightingale or the blackbird. We have the thrush, very much like yours in plumage and note; and a bird, the concluding note of which is like the "jug, jug," of the nightingale; but they are shy singers. We have the magpie not unlike yours; it is the most constant singer, or rather whistler, of an agreeable nature, and particularly in the morning early. Parrots and paroquets, as well as black and white cockatoos, are innumerable; and the crow is here, exactly as in Europe, with a similar "caw," only rather hoarser and longer in its call.

"The game consists of quails in abundance, the kangaroo, and emu. We have at this port great quantities of wild fowl such as ducks, teal, &c.; also pelicans, cranes, herons, native companions, black swans innumerable, and other more curious birds, which I can neither name nor describe. Fish also abound here, including turtle, oysters, craw-fish, crabs, eels, &c. I believe we can produce every European fruit and vegetable in perfection, and most, if not all, of the tropical vegetables and fruits, more particularly in the neighbourhood of this port." p. 48.

The Seasons.

"I have now seen three seasons in this country—summer, autumn, and winter. The summer is a little too hot; but I have felt more inconvenience from hot weather in England than here: it lasts longer in this country, but you are sooner cool after exertion, and less liable to be chilled. The weather in autumn and winter is truly delightful, neither too hot nor too cold. I am told that the spring is equally agreeable; and that, although the winters are so

mild, still nature appears to undergo an invigorating change as in colder regions. Animals lose their long coats; flowers spring up in the gardens and fields; birds begin to sing more generally; and the trees, although evergreens, change their somewhat faded hue for the more refreshing green of spring." p. 51.

Advice to Colonists.

"People who come here generally imagine they can do as in England. They take lodgings in Sydney, which is a most expensive place; linger there to make connexions which generally end, sooner or later, in mischief; and their money goes, they know not how. At last they fix upon a grant of land, and remove to it with inadequate means; and before returns can be made, they have spent all their money. They then become disgusted and alarmed, mortgage their grants, and are at length disembarassed of their little remains of property, by the connexion they lost so much valuable time in making at Sydney.

"When a person lands at Sydney it would be better for him to go to an inn, expensive as it is, and form no acquaintances of any kind till he has taken a little time to look about him. If he has a friend in the colony he can rely upon, it is fortunate for him: but if not, let him be cautious before he attempts to make one. He will soon learn by inquiry which of the settlers have more land than they can stock, and who are the most respectable of them. When he has ascertained these two things, let him purchase as many ewes as his means will enable him, before he attempt to settle, or even to select his land. Most of the latest settlers are always ready and anxious to receive sheep on their land, to feed and manage, upon their having one-third or one-fourth of the produce. Suppose they take one-third, the young settler has the other two-thirds, without a penny of expense to him; and he thus begins to increase his income in a greater degree than he could in any other way. Whilst he is selecting his grant, his flocks and herds (for he may do the same with cattle) are increasing beyond his personal expenditure, if he is prudent. As soon as he has fixed upon the land for his farm, let him build himself a log or a bark house, which he may do very cheaply, and make it very comfortable too. Then let him clear some land for cultivation, make a stock-yard for his cattle, enclose as large a paddock as he can for a horse or two and working oxen, and have some hurdles made for his sheep. He must also purchase a cart, plough, and set of harrows, at Sydney, where he can get them better adapted to his purposes than from England; then three oxen (if he can afford no more) and harness. With these, and other necessary articles, he must proceed to his grant; and, until the enclosure alluded to is fenced off, or he becomes intimately acquainted with the country about his farm, he must tether the oxen during the night. When his hut is built, and stock-yard and hurdles made, let him bring home his sheep and cattle, with their increase, that have been upon thirds, but not before, if he wishes to avoid trouble, vexations, and losses. By the time his grant is selected, his first crop of wheat harvested, and the measures pointed out effected, it may be eighteen months or two years. During this interval his sheep and cattle will have increased; he will have had some return, from the sale of wool, without any advances but the prime cost of his sheep; and he will probably, in point of property, be as good a man then as when he landed. Upon this plan, success is certain and comparatively easy, if his land be good and well chosen. But the young settler must take care not to spend too much in clearing for cultivation, before the increase of his flocks justify it; for it is here that he must look for his most certain returns. Cattle will soon be sold for their skins; and the production

of grain, much beyond his own consumption will only answer to a capitalist who can afford to hold it for a market, unless the population at Sydney should increase considerably. The soil of Australia is generally poor: some rich patches are found on the banks of rivers and in more distant parts of the coast-line. These will pay to cultivate for a market, if one exist within a reasonable distance. Both the soil and the climate, however, as far as I have yet seen, appear favourable to fine wool, which I think will ever be the staple article of New South Wales. This wool is the only production from the soil that can render it a flourishing country; and as the fine climate renders it a healthy and an agreeable one to inhabit, there is no doubt but that population will increase in proportion to the quantity and quality of the soil that may be found in situations which offer facilities for transporting its productions to a remunerating market." p. 54—56.

The Natives.

"The natives are a mild and harmless race of savages; and where any mischief has been done by them, the cause has generally arisen, I believe, in bad treatment by their white neighbours. Short as my residence has been here, I have, perhaps, had more intercourse with these people, and more favourable opportunities of seeing what they really are, than any other person in the colony. My object has always been to conciliate them, to give them an interest in cultivating our friendship, and to afford them protection against any injuries or insults from the people on this establishment, or elsewhere, within my jurisdiction. They have usually been treated, in distant parts of the colony, as if they had been dogs, and shot by convict-servants, at a distance from society, for the most trifling causes."

"The natives complained to me frequently, that 'white pellow' (white fellows) shot their relations and friends; and showed me many orphans, whose parents had fallen by the hands of white men, near this spot. They pointed out one white man, on his coming to beg some provisions for his party up the river Karuah, who, they said, had killed ten; and the wretch did not deny it, but said he would kill them whenever he could." p. 57—8.

We cannot accompany Mr. Dawson so far as our inclinations would lead us. We shall conclude therefore, at least for the present, with a specimen illustrative of the tastes and amusements of the unsophisticated people, who received from him that compassionate regard, which none but a traitor to the great cause of mankind ever withholds from his less fortunate fellow-creatures.

"During a short residence at Port Stephens, in the month of January, and before I returned to the neighbourhood of Sydney to bring the establishment hither, I was visited by a considerable tribe of the natives, who were very friendly and desirous of further acquaintance. I encouraged this disposition, by giving them such food as we had, and also some tobacco, of which they are excessively fond. I presented to each man a tomahawk, (or mago, as they call it,) which they prize above all things. They are exceedingly fond of biscuit, bread, or flour, which they knead and bake in the ashes, in the same manner as they see our people do it; but the article of food which appears most delicious to them, is the boiled meal of Indian corn; and next to it the corn roasted in the ashes, like chesnuts: of sugar too they are inordinately fond, as well as of everything sweet. One of their greatest treats is to get an Indian bag that has had sugar in it: this they cut into pieces and boil in water. They drink this liquor till they sometimes become intoxicated, and till

they are fairly blown out, like an ox in clover, and can take no more.

"Having, before I went to Sydney, discovered those things which were most to their taste, I took care to be well provided with them on my return here. Before I left Port Stephens, I intimated to them that I should soon return in a 'corbon' (large) ship, with a 'murry' (great) plenty of white people, and murry thousand things for them to eat. Upon this they set up a great shout, and expressed the same boisterous pleasure that school boys do when a holiday, or any very agreeable treat is promised by their master. They promised to get me 'murry thousand bark.' 'Oh! plenty bark, massa.' 'Plenty black pellow, massa: get plenty bark.' 'Tree, pour, pive nangry' (three, four, five days) make plenty bark for white pellow, massa.' 'You come back soon?' 'We look out for corbon ship on corbon water,' (the sea). 'We tee, (see), massa.' 'We look out.' 'We get bark.' After this they chattered among themselves, laughed incessantly, and appeared overjoyed at what was to come. I then gave them a sugar-bag with some sugar, and an iron pot to boil it in. They bore these off in triumph to their camp, a few rods only from my tent; and when their mess was prepared, they sent to inform me that they wished to have a corrobory (dance) if I would allow it. As soon as I signified to them that they might do what they pleased, they made an immense fire of dried wood, and set their pot of sugar-bag by the side of it. I observed them all to retire to their camp for a short time; and when they returned, they had figured different parts of their bodies with pipe-clay, in a very curious and even handsome manner. They had chalked straight lines from the ankle up the outside of the thigh, which made them appear, by fire-light, as if they had hussar pantaloons on. Their faces had been rubbed with red earth, like ochre; and their breasts chalked with serpentine lines, interspersed with dots, &c. They were perfectly naked, as they always are; and in this state they began to corrobory, or dance.

"A man with a woman or two act as musicians, by striking two sticks together, and singing or bawling a song, which I cannot well describe to you: it is chiefly in half tones, extending sometimes very high and loud, and then descending so low as almost to sink to nothing. The dance is exceedingly amusing, but the movement of the limbs is such as no European could perform: it is more like the limbs of a pasteboard harlequin, when set in motion by a string, than anything else I can think of. They sometimes change places from apparently indiscriminate positions, and then fall off in pairs; and after this return, with increasing ardour, in a phalanx of four and five deep, keeping up the harlequin-like motion altogether in the best time possible, and making a noise with their lips like 'proo, proo, proo'; which changes successively to grunting, like the kangaroo, of which it is an imitation, and not much unlike that of a pig. Their eyes were all turned towards me; and when I laughed and appeared much pleased, they quickened their motion in phalanx, and raised the grunting in proportion, till they were tired: and in an instant they turned their backs and disunited, with a loud shout, which gradually turned into a hearty laugh." p. 59—62.

The Laurel and the Lyre; or, the best Fugitive Poetry of the last Thirty Years. 2 vols. London, 1830. Sharpe.

A friend of ours—a bit of a poet too, with a touch of the critic in him—sent us a somewhat kind and gentle paper, showing forth the merits of these seven hundred and odd pages of fugitive verse, accompanied by seven columns of extracts

from his favourite poets, male and female. We, as is our invariable practice, looked through and through the volumes. We instantly saw how it was: our friend's good opinion of the work had been purchased, not by money—for we hold him above all price—but by the sagacious collector, whoever he might be, inserting no less than nine pieces of stray verse which occasionally have dropped from our friend's pen during the few years' existence of those pleasing receptacles for gentle verse—the *Annals*. We were wroth at this—and the more so, from having been pestered with a popinjay of a rhymester for three mortal hours, who, with his volume in his hand, had been lecturing us on the honey and sweet-milk poetry of this melodious age. Now, we agree with our friend, that "The Laurel" and "The Lyre" are neat and cheap volumes—that the publisher has done his best in externals, and that the printer has spared no pains to render them worthy of the press of Chiswick. Nor shall our praise end here:—one hundred pages or so are filled with poetry of "purest ray serene," and two hundred more exhibit, by frequent outsparklings, the presence of the true metal; but of the four hundred and odd which remain, we can only say that they are generally smooth and flowing—full of the fine well-chosen words of the Muse, without any of her original feeling or sentiment—exhibiting everywhere the hectic flush of weakness striving beyond its strength, and showing nowhere the clear and healthy bloom of nature.

Now, the fugitive poetry of the last thirty years, collected by a prudent and skilful hand, would make two volumes worthy of enduring while woods grow and waters run. It has been a period of honour to the muse, such as no other thirty years in our history can eclipse. The dramatic talent of the country has, indeed, come less into action than in the golden times of Elizabeth and James; but the romantic school has poured forth such an abundance of poems, ballads, and songs so varied, so original, and so vigorous, as no age can out-rival. The muse of our island sat, like a bird during winter, on a low snug perch, from the time of Collins and Gray, till the days of Cowper and Burns; and her voice was scarcely heard in the land. With those two noble poets she found the use of her wings at once, and, like the lark, rose perpendicularly to the sky. Both perished—one mentally, the other bodily—before their time; but the example which they set of a fresh natural strain of poetry was not lost. A succession of great poets arose, and revived the brightness of better days. The classic polish of Campbell—the vigorous nerve of Crabbe—the martial romance of Scott—the heroic tenderness of Southey—the philosophic grandeur of Wordsworth—the native wildness and lyrical splendour of Wilson—the mingled strength and elegance of Rogers—the dramatic power of Joanna Baillie—the eye deep-read in nature of Grahame—the pastoral romance of Hogg—the lyric grace of Moore—the dark power and audacious majesty of the wilful Byron—the supernatural splendour of Coleridge, and the moral dignity of James Montgomery—all these, and more than these, came pouring thick and fast—starting at once into life and beauty, like the fast-coming flowers of a northern summer, when the sun melts the snow from the ground. Two only of these great poets have passed from among us, and both went in their youth; yet they were prolific in verse; nor indeed have any of those we have named been coy and backward: they have filled the land with charming songs. Moreover, many other poets of lower degree have added their verse—often both vigorous and elegant—to the strains of these regular songsters of the land. Fine poetry abounds.

Now, into this garden no one could wander without finding flowers in abundance, of all

scents and hues—like the "Rich Strand" of Spenser, at every step you set your foot on pearls and pure gold; yet the publisher has made a couple of volumes out of this splendid mass of fugitive poetry, which do anything but include the richest and rarest. How can we account for this? Mr. Sharpe is a most worthy man—skilful in the dimensions of saleable books—wise in the matter of binding and embellishment; but a little unacquainted, as most booksellers are, with the relative value of works of genius. Some suspicion of this sort seems to have flashed on his mind; and how to make a wise selection no doubt troubled him sorely. He knew too much of the nameless sons of song to induce him to confide the task to any one of our amiable "Fugitive Bards," inasmuch as the said bardling would infallibly discover that his own verses deserved frequent insertion, even to the exclusion of the strains of truly-inspired men. Well, and what did the publisher do? Marry, this—he collected the whole mass of fugitive poetry before him, and made his selection by casting the dice! Now this plan—evidently copied from the conscientious system of voting by ballot—though honest in intent, and resorted to by the publisher in pure simplicity of soul, was as likely to fish up, out of the deep stream of running verse, the mud and the gravel, as raise the sands of silver and of refined gold. Much of the finest poetry of the last thirty years made its escape by this singular mode of selection—the dice seem to have been loaded against the cause of good verse. This new Agrarian Law has, like the old, condemned the richest and the best.

Only imagine two volumes of the fugitive poetry of the last thirty years, which exclude the strains of one of our most original poets—James Hogg, and include but an indifferent selection from some of the others! The Ettrick Shepherd is a bard of God's own making; educated in the great school which nature keeps on Tweedside and Yarrow, his verses are far superior to the mushroom productions which spring up from that great "stercoraceous heap," Scotch "Middenstead," the college. Amid much that we dislike he has given us much that is truly excellent; strains which are steeped in pastoral sweetness to the very lips—strains, which, like his "Kilmory," and the "Epistle to Lady Anne Scott," are at once glowing, and delicate, and original. We never loved games of chance, and shall never read the "Ancient Mariner," where, like the publisher and the printer's devil of "The Laurel" and "The Lyre,"

"The twain were casting dice,"

without thinking of the gross injustice done to the bard of Ettrick. If unkindness has been shown to James Hogg, more than mere kindness has been shown to others. The dice have had a pretty considerable leaning towards bards of a lower degree—nay, like the attraction which is in amber, they have gathered many straws. How, but by a process of blind dicing, could Hogg be omitted, and a score of others, with and without names, be included? To judge by the frequency of insertion, of the loftiness of the poet, then would Alaric Watts be our Homer, and Miss Landon our Sappho. Now, the poetry of Miss Landon is of a high kind, and that of Watts is soft and flowing; we have no objection to them—but, on the contrary, love them much; and we are sure, had either of them had their hand on the dice, they would have thrown with right good-will for the Ettrick Shepherd. As it is, we cannot but lament the absence of the author of the "Queen's Wake" from a collection professing to give the best fugitive poetry of the last thirty years.

But that is not the worst. The verses of many of our minor poets are worthy of any company: we quarrel not with the daisy because it is not so lovely or so balmy as the rose; nor

do we dislike, but rather are pleased with the thistle in bloom, in spite of all its prickles: but here are flowers, not produced by the cunning hand of nature, but the work of the woman or the man-milliner, tied up in this great nosegay, and pushed into light as boldly as though they were of the garden and the field. Alas! how few there are among the thousand and one bards of "The Laurel" and "The Lyre" who write poetry—true, genuine soul-warm verse, conceived in the kindly ecstasy of nature, and stamped in the true vigour and delicacy of language? The voice of the muse is imitated by those innumerable mocking-birds, whom the fatal facility of composition and the periodicals and annuals—to all who can rhyme sweetly, perfectly accessible—call into existence. We have the husks of the corn, but the grain is not there—we have the sound of the stream, but none of the refreshment of the current. They have all the ready words of the muse, but then they are like a magician's charm from the lips of a pretender—impotent and meaningless. They abound with all manner of artificial raptures and assumed sensibilities; they weep by the opening flower; they hang like a drooping willow over the running stream; and when a robin-redbreast hops in their path, they are in ecstasies. They are continually straining, till

"The muses on their racks
Scream like the windings of ten thousand jacks."

It is among these that most of the rhymes of "The Laurel" and "The Lyre" have been found. All the letters of the alphabet which have figured in the Annuals for years, have found sanctuary here. We dread thee, John Sharpe. Hast thou not another Annual in contemplation, that thou thus seekest to conciliate all the inditers of verse, and woo them to become contributors?

The New Year's Gift and Juvenile Souvenir.
Edited by Mrs. Alaric Watts. London. Longman & Co.

This is a very delightful volume. Great diligence and care appear to have been used in the selection of the various well-written and interesting tales; while its poetry is pleasant and familiar, and just suited to captivate and inform the minds of young people. The story of "Tonina" is excellent; it is told in an elegant, easy manner, and is well calculated to awaken in the youthful reader a taste for historical research, while it hurries his fancy over regions of classic interest and ruins of departed grandeur. "The First Adventure of a Sailor" is delightful; we regret we cannot insert the whole of it. It is the tale of a grandfather: we extract the following:—

"Before I was your age, Willy, I lost my father, and because my mother was very poor, I was sent to sea. When I was nine years old I had made a voyage to Greenland, and seen many wonders—great, terrible, and beautiful. I ought to be able to amuse you with accounts of huge icebergs, of whale and seal fishing, and many other things. The peril, however, that had most power over my imagination, and, of course, the one I remember best, was the cat-o'-nine tails. So completely was I possessed, during that miserable year, with the dread of corporeal suffering, that I saw nothing, felt nothing, and can relate nothing, of that trip. I never shall forget the first time that I saw my mother after that Greenland voyage. I ran home as soon as I could get ashore, but my mother had left her house, and the people who had succeeded could not tell me where she was. I was in agonies—I ran along the market-place to the well-known abode of Sitty, the old cake-wife. She told me that my mother was sick, and poor, and lived in a garret over the way. She said that she looked in upon her sometimes, but that she had no doctor, because she could not afford to pay

one. I had a few shillings that had been given me before I went to sea; I had them in my hand, wrapped up in the corner of a handkerchief. I ran to the nearest doctor, showed him my money, and begged him to take it, and come and cure my mother. He smiled at the offer of my purse, but a tear started to his eye when he saw my distress, and he willingly followed me, when I ran towards the place where she lay. I had looked forward to the time when I should see my mother, as the end of all my distresses—and so indeed it was, in one sense. My distresses! where were they now that my mother was suffering? Could I complain to her when she was so afflicted? Could I ask her to burthen herself with me, when she scarcely could find food for herself? I was bound to my master for three years; if I ran away, as I had often planned so to do, there would be another pang for my mother. By slow degrees, through the kindness of the doctor, my mother recovered. In the meantime, the Old Ravensworth was again ready for sea, and with an aching heart I had now to take leave of the only creature on earth that cared for me. For a week the ship lay at anchor in Shields Harbour, waiting for a wind. Everything was ready for sailing; we had but to slip her moorings, and be let off."

The vessel broke from her moorings—the crew were on shore—and the relator the only being on board.

"As for me," said the grandfather, smiling, "my first feeling, when I found myself fairly over the Bar, was joy at having escaped from my savage shipmates. They are angry enough now, thought I, and swearing at me at a desperate rate, but they cannot get at me this time. I shall have plenty to eat and to drink, and the cat-o'-nine-tails and I shall be friends this voyage. I went to the Captain's cabin, I made some grog, and drank to my own health, to the health of Old England, to the good ship Ravensworth, and to canny Newcastle; and, growing bolder, noisier, and merrier with every toast, at last I filled a glass to my mother.

"My mother! Scarcely had I heard myself pronounce her name, when the word, that single word, in the midst of all my revelry, sobered me. You don't know how fearfully it sounded in the dark silent ship! In one instant, I felt all the loneliness, all the danger, all the horror of my situation. My mother! she was weeping for me now, but what would she say to-morrow, when she heard that I was gone alone on the wide sea? I had left her sick and sorrowing—should I ever see her again? My mother! she might look out far, and look out long; my ship and I were on a 'wide turnpike'; the salt waves might roll over us for years, without bearing a plank, a cask, or a rope within the reach of man, that could tell a dumb tale of the wreck of the good old ship Ravensworth.

"These, and many other thoughts, crowded on my mind, as I started at the words my lips had uttered, and felt the silence of the ship. At length, I threw myself on the floor, and burst into tears;—into that agony, that heart-bursting grief which only children feel, because only children surrender themselves wholly to one impression. When that impression had worn itself out, fatigue, aided by the quantity of spirits I had taken, did its usual work, and I sobbed myself to sleep.

"When I awoke in the morning, the sleeve of my checked shirt was still wet with my tears, and that helped me to remember where I was. I got up, and ran on deck to look about me. I was glad the good west wind still blew me away from land, for I had sense enough to know that the worst that could happen to me would be, to be driven on the rocky coast of Northumberland or Yorkshire. My last hope was, to fall in with some vessel either from Holland or the Baltic, and I looked anxiously round for a sail,

but not one was to be seen along the clear line of the horizon. The ocean looked grey, the sky looked clear, the morning star was glittering, the clouds were pushing one another away to make room for the sun, and a fresh, steady breeze still came over the waters.

"Now, for the first time, I began to consider whether I could do anything towards my own safety. I thought, that as long as the provisions lasted, and as long as there was plenty of sea-room, I was safe, and that at last I must fall into the course of some ship, home-bound, as I said before, from the Baltic. But my vessel was drifting about hither and thither, at the will of the winds and tides. How should I manage to make her keep a straight course, and prevent her from driving too much to leeward? I knew about as much of navigation as you do, Willy; that is, I could make a little boat of my own manufacture sail across a pond. I remember, that when I put the rudder in a particular position, the boat always used to get across at last, and I thought perhaps the Old Ravensworth might do so likewise. 'I will make her carry sail,' said I, 'and fasten the rudder, and she must go somewhere; she is only a bigger boat in a broader pond.' Forthwith, I set to work; with some difficulty I hoisted the fore-stay sail, and hauled out the mizen; I lashed the helm midships, and then, being easier in my mind, I went to get some breakfast.

"For three weeks I was upon the German Ocean without seeing a moving ship or a living creature. Yes, living creatures I did see, by the bye, for numbers of fishes used to surround the ship, and sometimes two or three great ones would follow her for a whole day. Several times I fancied they were waiting for me, and then I looked fearfully at the great waves reared around me like a wall, and thought, what is there to prevent me from being swallowed up by the sea, and devoured by those frightful hungry things? On one of these occasions, I found myself repeating a prayer that my mother had taught me a long while ago, before I went to sea. It was the Lord's Prayer; and though I said it at the time mechanically, rather as a charm than as a prayer, it brought to my mind some other things my mother used to tell me, of how there is a heaven to go to when we have done with this world, and a great deal beside, that you know and feel, but which I only half knew, and had never felt before.

"Well, to cut my story short, after having been three weeks at sea, one morning when I went on deck, I saw land! Yes, I saw plainly a flat, low line of land, to the eastward. I did thank God then in the depth of my heart, as well as with my lips, and with a trembling hand I hoisted a signal of distress. Soon after, I saw a fishing-boat coming out towards me, and as soon as I could discern plainly the shapes and faces of the men, and hear them hail, I was so overjoyed that I could scarcely refrain from throwing myself into the sea, to swim towards them. As soon as I caught a glimpse of their blue caps and broad breeches, I knew them for Dutchmen—I was on the west coast of Holland.

"The fishermen's wives received me with untold kindness. They could not understand a word I said, but they kissed me, and fed me, and wiped my tears away. My story was soon made known. A gentleman of Harlaem immediately wrote word to the proprietors, of the fate of their vessel, and soon afterwards I was sent back to my mother, as happy as a king, with my pockets full of money, to tell the marvellous tale, and shine the hero of the day at Newcastle.

"This was not all. My adventure brought me into notice, and was the cause of all my success in after-life; for many of the friends I then gained, are my friends still; and the word friend, among North-country people, does not mean nothing. My mother lived in peace and plenty

the rest of her days, and I was set free from my tyrannical master, and, what was better than all, one good man sent me to school, where I learned to read."

The poetry throughout this entertaining work has considerable merit. We select the following stanzas, by Miss Jewsbury, for their simplicity and sweetness:—

I am far from Home.

I am far, far from Caffer-land—far, far away
From the blossoming trees that the sun made so gay;
From the deep flowing rivers, the ever bright sky,
And birds that were brighter than flowers could they fly;
And though England be greener, each step that I roam,
But helps to remind me—I'm far, far from home!

I remember it well;—and the hut that was ours,
Hedged in by mimosa with yellow ball-flowers,
And the dwarf coral-tree where the sugar-bird clung,
Nor left till the blossoms all withering hung;
How I gathered wild figs and the rock honey-comb,
When I was not, as now I am—far, far from home!

And the tales of my father so brave and so dear,
How he hunted the lion with musket and spear,
At the elephant's eye with deadly aim thrust
Until, like a mountain, he rolled in the dust;
And then how my mother—O yonder sea-foam,
How it makes me remember I'm far, far from home!

But still they were kind friends that brought me away,
My father and mother are dead many a day;
And though wreaths of the Babylon-willow no more
I shall weave, or pick nautilus shells on the shore,
I can learn, what will teach me wherever I roam,
To look up to heaven, and feel not far from home.

On the Recent Improvements in the Art of distinguishing the various Diseases of the Heart; being the Lameyan Lectures, delivered before the Royal College of Physicians in the year 1829.
By John Elliotson, M.D. Cantab. F.R.S., &c. Folio. London, 1830. Longman & Co.

IT was at the particular request of the learned President of the College, Dr. Elliotson informs us, that he undertook to deliver these lectures. Unbiased by prejudice, the subject he chose was that "illustrative of some modern, and for the most part recent, improvements in diagnosis." This subject he has handled in an able and efficient manner, honourable alike to himself and the profession of which he is so distinguished a member.

The reliance to be placed on diagnosis, in diseases of the chest, although considerably improved by the system of *percussion* so successfully adopted by Avenbrugger, was, until the more recent and important discovery of *auscultation* by Laennec, extremely imperfect and unsatisfactory. Certain diseases of the heart and lungs, were, even by the most eminent practitioners, often treated as those of a very opposite character. So similar indeed are the symptoms, that, without the aid of percussion and auscultation, it is almost impossible to distinguish them. Often, after death, has disease of the heart been discovered, when its presence, during life, had not, in the most remote degree been suspected; and, on the other hand, disease has been attributed to the heart, when, upon *post mortem* examination, that organ has been found in a perfectly-healthy condition. The accuracy, however, with which we are now enabled to judge of the diseases of the pectoral cavity, and the opinion which may be formed as to the exact nature of the lesion, by the use of that simple acoustical instrument, the *stethoscope*, are hardly to be credited, particularly when we remember the former obscurity of their diagnostic symptoms, so much, and so justly complained of by Baglivi. Notwithstanding their investigation is now rendered comparatively easy and certain, yet (with regret be it spoken) such is the effect of prejudice, not to use a harsher term, that this valuable discovery of Laennec's is still by many looked upon as a wild, speculative, *mechanical* means, and ridiculed by them as much as the by-gone and reputed sciences of alchemy, uroscopy, and mesmerism.

We have derived much pleasure from the perusal of this valuable and elaborate work, but cannot take leave of it without a parting word or two in praise of the engravings. The accuracy of the drawing of these illustrations, we can ourselves bear testimony to, having attended Dr. Elliotson's lectures at the college, when the morbid specimens, from which they were taken, were exhibited. For these correct and beautiful delineations Dr. Elliotson is indebted to Mr. Alcock, a gentleman well known both in the literary and medical world, and who does not consider a portion of that time, unoccupied by his professional duties, misspent in delineating the morbid structure of the human body, either by his pencil, or by modelling in wax; as a proficient in the latter art, he certainly in this country stands unrivalled.

The Life of Titian; with Anecdotes of the distinguished Persons of his Time. By James Northcote, R.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

THESE volumes have come late into our hands, and though we have read them with all reasonable attention, we would, with the leave of our readers, rather sleep upon our judgment. When Northcote came translated to us through Hazlitt, there was something admirably pleasant in the garrulity of the "old man eloquent;" but now that he—we again request to be permitted to sleep upon our judgment; and throughout this whole paper, we mean that Mr. Northcote shall speak for himself. First, then, of painting generally:—"I will in this place," says the veteran, "venture to give my opinion, that there is no way so improving to a student, as to finish his pictures to the utmost minuteness in his power; by which means he will acquire a thorough knowledge of the exact forms and character of the parts. If he has a genius for the art, he will soon discover what he may treat slightly or leave out of his work; and if he has none, he will be enabled, by this method, to give such an air of truth to his productions as will pass for merit with a large part of the community, by which he will be secure of employment, and will also have a certain claim to respect. But a careless, and what is often supposed to be a bold manner, when practised by the ignorant, is detestable, and shows a kind of unfeeling assurance, as if the artist said, 'Anything is good enough for the public!'" i. 11-12.

Having thus spoken of painting generally, the reader may desire to hear the judgment of the modern painter on the *chef-d'œuvre* of the greatest man of the Venetian school:—

"Let us now return to Titian and his works. It was at this time (1520) that he painted for the altar of the chapel of San Pietro Martire, in the church of St. John and St. Paul, at Venice, the death of that saint. In this composition, the saint is represented larger than life, fallen on the ground, attacked by a soldier. He is mortally wounded in the head, and the agonies of death are in his face. His companion is flying, whose looks exhibit great terror. In the air are two or three little angels, descending with the crown of martyrdom, and surrounded by a sudden blaze of glory, shedding a light over the landscape, which is most admirable. It is a woody country. In the foreground are several alder-trees, executed with such perfection as it is much easier to envy than to imitate. The fear in the friar's face, who is making his escape, is well expressed. It seems as if one heard him crying out for mercy. His action is rapid, as that of one who is in extreme danger; and his friar's dress is exquisitely managed, so as to show the proper development of the figure in swift motion. There is no example of drapery better disposed for effect. The face of St. Peter has the paleness usually attendant on the approach of

death. He puts forth an arm and a hand so well expressed, that, as a good critic has said, nature seemed conquered by art. The tall branching trees, with the flashing lights of the troubled sky, would seem to indicate that something terrible was passing below, even if it were not visible; and the distant Alps discovered between the trees impress the spectator with horror of the dreary and desolate spot (so fit for such a deed) on which the murder is perpetrated. Indeed this composition is the most celebrated of any he ever painted, being the best understood of all his works; and I think that it is justly deserving of the name given to it, and by which it is universally known, '*The picture without a fault.*' This inimitable *chef-d'œuvre* was one of the first objects that attracted the attention of the French, and was for a time one of the principal ornaments of the Louvre. It is now restored to its original place in the church of St. John and St. Paul, at Venice." i. 43-44.

Without quoting the opinion of Algarotti or Sir Joshua, we think it may be interesting to give the judgment of Peter Aretin on this picture, from a letter addressed to Tribolo, the Florentine sculptor:—

"The miraculous effects of your industry have been also recounted to me by the author of that Saint Peter Martyr, which converted you and Benvenuto into statues of astonishment when you first beheld it. Your eyes were dazzled and your intellects confounded in looking at that work, which displays at once all the terrors of death, and all the real sorrows of life, in the countenance and person of him who has fallen on the ground. You were struck with wonder at the exact imitation, at the cold and livid hues which appear on the point of the nose, and at the extremities of the body; and you could not refrain from expressing your admiration aloud, when contemplating the figure of the dying man's companion, who presents in his whole appearance the agonies of cowardice and the paleness of fear. Truly, you pronounced a very just sentence on the merits of this grand picture, when you said to me that there was nothing in Italy that was finer. What can be more beautiful than the wonderful group of cherubs in the air, and the wind, which seems as if it were rooting up the trees, and throwing about branches and leaves in every direction? What a landscape is displayed in all the simplicity of nature! What beautiful rocks, clothed with grass, and bathed in the waters flowing from their springs! These are the wonders produced by the divine Titian, whose benign modesty salutes you most warmly, who offers himself and all he possesses to you, meaning that the love and affection he bears your fame are unequalled. I cannot express to you how anxious he is to see the figures, which I before said you are so kind as to make me a present of. Believe me, I shall not pass over it in silence or without gratitude." i. 47-9.

And the judgment of Michael Angelo on Titian and the Venetian painters generally:—

"One day Michael Angelo, in company with Vasari, paid a visit to Titian in the Belvedere, to see a picture he was then finishing of a naked female figure, representing Danaë with Jupiter descending to her in a shower of gold. While in the presence of Titian, they bestowed great praise on his performance; but as soon as they were come away and began to make their observations upon Titian's works in general, Buonarroti commended him highly, saying his colouring was most excellent, as well as his manner of execution; but that it was a great pity the Venetian painters had not a better mode of study, and that they were not early initiated in sound principles of drawing and composition, 'For I am conscious,' says he, 'that if this man was as much assisted by art as he is by nature, no mortal could go further. He has a noble spirit; but at present having

no knowledge of design, he in his imitation of the life corrects nothing nor attempts to make it better, though possessed of a manner so easy and beautiful, so full of truth and animation. But certain it is, that not having studied the best works of the ancients, the Venetians know not how to mend or give a grace and perfection to their works beyond their model, which is never perfect in all its parts. The moderns in general cannot, from their own resources, be correct, but are obliged to make a literal copy of the object before their eyes, not knowing what it ought to be. However, this inimitable figure, which Titian painted for the Cardinal Farnese, Michael Angelo frequently went to see, and gazed at it with rapture and astonishment." i. 273-4.

Of Titian's colouring, Mr. Northcote observes:—

"I cannot but think that Titian had a considerable advantage in the improvement of his taste for colouring, from having been in his first studies taught fresco-painting, by which his eye was early inured to that fresh, clear, and unadulterated tone which is unavoidably preserved in all those works that are done without oil. It was by degrees he crept into the knowledge of the use of oil, without having had his eye familiarized by early habit to the heavy, dingy, slimy effect of various oils and meglips; which, as they more and more prevail, soak up and destroy the wholesome freshness and purity of the tints, and reduce them at last to the saturated appearance of an oil-skin umbrella. Artists who paint in water-colours justly wish to give their pictures the force and finish of oil; as those who paint in oil should endeavour to impart to their tints, the clear and vivid purity of water-colours. And the clearness of the one, with the depth and solidity of the other, is what Titian possessed the power of uniting beyond any other painter that ever lived." p. 60—1.

Of the Venetian school, of Titian's mean jealousy, and of the zeal and perseverance of Tintoret, he adds:—

"Although Titian had no disciples who imitated him in everything, the Venetians were nevertheless more fortunate in Paul Veronese and Tintoret, who, though they imbibed the principles and formed their style from Titian, did not neglect the study of nature, and were therefore superior to the servile copyists of any master whatever. Titian, by reason of his great age, continued the practice of his art nearly as long as his scholars. He also happily outlived the turbulence of the wars which wasted Italy in his time, and was in that part of it which felt the calamity the least. His jealousy of others, however, prevented him from properly founding a school; for as soon as they gave any promise of excellence, he drove them from him, or diverted them from the pursuit of art. This happened with respect to Tintoret, and to his brother.

"Tintoret was placed by his father as a disciple of Titian, under whom he had the advantage of studying for some time. The rapidity of his advancement, which outstripped that of all his fellow-students, alarmed the apprehensions of his instructor, who had the meanness to expel him from his school. This indignity, so unjust and unmerited, did not abate his courage nor interrupt his progress; it only served to inspire him with more vigorous and extensive views, and he formed the daring project of creating a new style of composition. In a short time he established a school of art, founded on a union of the beauties of Venetian colouring with the Florentine grandeur of design; and to excite the emulation of his disciples, he had the following precept inscribed on the wall of his painting-room, *Il disegno di Michel Angelo, è il colorito di Tiziano*. He furnished himself with the best casts from the

figures of the Tomb of the Medici, by Michael Angelo: these models were sent him from Florence. They were taken by Daniel da Volterra, from the marbles on the tombs. From these, Lanzi says, his studies were unremitted; he often continued them by lamp-light, for the purpose of giving greater breadth and effect to his light and shade. To acquire a perfect acquaintance with fore-shortening, which was less studied by the Venetians than the Lombards, he is said to have suspended his models in the air, and frequented the lectures and dissections of anatomists to gain a complete knowledge of the muscular construction of the human figure."

Titian, who had succeeded, not without difficulty, in getting the Emperor, Charles the Fifth, to sit to him, found himself deprived of the anticipated honour of being the *only* artist who could boast of that favour, by a curious manoeuvre:—

"The affair is thus related.

"Alfonso Lombardi was at this time at Bologna. He was well known to Titian, who had a great friendship for him, both as a man and as an ingenious sculptor. Alfonso had a great desire to make a wax model of the Emperor: and as a very small apparatus was necessary, for this purpose, he could easily conceal it. So without given Titian the slightest hint of his intention, he earnestly intreated the latter to be so gracious as to permit him to be in the room at the time his Majesty sat to him; and he would be contented to pass and act as his servant to help him to his colours, &c. Titian being in a courteous humour, and having a kindness for Alfonso, as he was not a painter, readily consented to his request; and accordingly, the cunning Alfonso very humbly followed our artist to the Emperor's apartment, and placed himself behind Titian's chair, so as to see him at work but not to be seen by him, as he was fully occupied by his own task.

"Alfonso having as good a view of the Emperor as Titian himself, now secretly took out of his sleeve a little box in the form of a medal, and began to make a portrait of his Majesty in clay or wax; and had just completed it when Titian also having finished his, was making his obeisance. The Emperor rose from his seat, and Alfonso was hastily shutting up his little box, and putting it in his sleeve, when his Majesty said to him—'Show me what you have been doing.' He then was obliged, though with fear and humility, to deliver his work into the Emperor's hands, who having attentively looked at it, appeared highly delighted, and asked him—'Canst thou execute this in marble?' 'May it please your Sacred Majesty, yes!' replied Alfonso. 'Do it then,' said the Emperor, 'and when it is finished, bring it to me at Genoa.'"

We have lately had some curious exhibitions in the law courts, on the subject of retouching old pictures. Take the judgment of Titian, even when such a man as Sebastian del Piombo ventured to dabble with them:—

"Lodovico Dolce relates an anecdote, told him by Titian himself, which is this. When Rome was sacked by the soldiers of the Duke of Bourbon, some Germans among them were quartered in the Pope's palace of the Vatican; when unluckily, either by carelessness or design, some of the heads of the figures, in one of the chambers painted by Raphael, were greatly injured; and on Pope Clement's return to his palace, being extremely hurt at seeing those exquisite heads so much defaced, he employed Bastiano del Piombo to repair them. Titian, while at Rome, went of course to the palace, and in passing through the apartments, accompanied by Bastiano, steadfastly fixed his attention upon these pictures of Raphael, which he had never seen before; and coming to the parts that Bastiano had repaired, and discerning the

wide difference between them and the others, he, with great warmth and resentment, asked him, 'What presumptuous ignorant wretch had spoiled those heads?' not knowing, nor even suspecting, that they had been restored by Sebastiano." i. 275-6.

Of the celebrated picture of the "Last Supper," in the Escurial, Mr. Northcote thus writes, and then gives Titian's letter, with which we shall conclude our present notice, and then sleep on our judgment of the work:—

"In a letter, which is preserved, from Titian to Philip, he informs the King, that he had been seven years employed in painting it. This must surely be understood with latitude as to other intermediate compositions; for though the artist, as it is well known, lived to a very uncommon age, yet the life of a patriarch would scarce suffice to warrant undertakings of such labour, nor would the reward of two thousand golden scudi, which the King sent him by way of Genoa, and which was in fact a magnificent price in those times, be a proportionable compensation for the dedication of so great a portion of his time. The composition, which is called *The Glory of Titian*, that of *Christ in the Garden*, and the *Santa Margarita with the Dragon*, have often been described and duly praised; but the scrupulous sanctity of the monks was offended at some liberties taken by Santa Margarita in tucking up her robe, and discovering part of a very graceful leg; a thing not seemly to be done when in company with a dragon, especially as all dragons have not the prudence and good faith of that which was in keeping by the Hesperides; but Luca Jordano's rapid pencil pieced the petticoat, which now renders the lady fit to see company. This is the remark of Cumberland.

"The letter of Titian to Philip, on the subject just referred to, is as follows:—

"To His Catholic Majesty Philip the Second, Madrid.

"The *Supper of our Lord*, which I formerly promised to your Majesty, is now, by the grace of God, completed. I began it about seven years ago, and have laboured upon it almost continually, being desirous to leave to your Majesty, in this last stage of my life, the greatest proof of my early devotion to your Majesty that it is in my power to give. God grant that it may appear as good to your excellent judgment as I have endeavoured to make it, in the hope of giving you satisfaction. Your Majesty will receive it at an early day, consigned to your Secretary, Garzia Ernando, according to your commands. Meanwhile, I supplicate your infinite clemency, that if ever, at any time, any part of my very long services have been agreeable to you, you will deign to compassionate me; so that I may no longer be tormented by your Ministers, in receiving my allowance sometimes by an express from Spain, sometimes from the Chamber at Milan; that I may live in more tranquillity for the few days which remain for me to spend in your service. And I trust your Majesty will not be less merciful to me than was the Emperor your father (of glorious memory) but will make your Ministers execute your benevolent orders, which towards me have always been so condescending, by which means I shall be freed from a thousand continually harassing cares, in striving to obtain my small pittance, and be able to spend the whole of my time in serving you with my labours, without being obliged to waste the greater part of it, as I am now compelled to do, in writing here and there to your different negotiators, not without a very serious expense to me, and almost always in vain, or else receiving only some very trifling sum after a length of time. I am certain, most clement Sire, that if your Majesty knew in part the trouble I have had in this affair, your infinite piety would compassionate me; and peradventure would show some sign of your great benign-

nity, in ordering a schedule to be written for me, as I assure you, that notwithstanding your goodness, I have never received any sum equal to your kind intentions, on account of their forms in paying me. And this is the reason that I am now obliged to seek relief at the feet of my most Catholic Lord, supplicating your compassion to provide for my misfortune by some gracious expedient: so that you may no longer be wearied by my complaints, and that I may be in future freed from these vexatious cares, and enabled to employ myself wholly in your service.—I kiss your Catholic Majesty's hands. Your most devoted and most humble servant,

"Venice, August 5, 1554."

"TITIAN."

Mémoires de Beaumarchais. 4 vols. 18^{mo}. Paris, 1830.

THESE Memoirs, which are hitherto very little known in England, have at length been included in a collection entitled "*La Bibliothèque des Amis des Lettres*," published at a very moderate price, and thus placed within the reach of every person. Unlike the Confessions of Rousseau, the Memoirs of Marmontel, or any other celebrated piece of autobiography with which we are acquainted, this curious work forms a species by itself—somewhat allied to the "*Causes Célèbres*," but still different. From the light, gay, and almost frivolous character generally attributed to the author, we should have decided, *à priori*, that his "*Mémoires*" could have been little more than an assemblage of lively anecdotes, calculated, like all works of the kind, to afford a great deal of amusement, and very little else. The contrary of all this is the fact. The whole work is a picture, and a terrible picture it is, of the various ways in which justice was publicly bought and sold in France under the ancient government. Not that, in composing his book, the author had any intention of making out such a picture. His whole endeavours were directed towards the clearing up of his own character. But in doing this, so many details were to be entered into, so many circumstances related, and so many characters and peculiarities of manners depicted, that, in order to answer a temporary purpose, a work was written which must continue to interest posterity.

The "*Mémoires of Beaumarchais*" are, in one word, the history of a lawsuit, or rather a succession of lawsuits—nothing more. This fact, which is not attempted to be disguised from the reader, at first disinclines one from entering upon the perusal of the book. What, we say to ourselves, have we to do with his disputes with this count or that judge? What interest can we possibly take in the unravelling of such affairs? Nevertheless, the charms of style prevail. We dip here and there into the narrative, and, observing with what natural and vigorous simplicity the events commemorated, whether trifling or important, are placed before us, our curiosity is incessantly excited; and we at length eagerly follow the writer through the annals of his interminable struggles. At the outset, the question is merely a question of money. A certain rich man, having had some transactions, of what kind is not specified, with Beaumarchais, finds himself, upon making up their accounts, considerably his debtor, and a memorandum of the affair is made out, exactly stating the sum. Four months after this, the man dies without discharging the debt, and our author applies to his heir. This heir, the Count de la Blache, feels no inclination, notwithstanding the immense sums he has just received, to pay Beaumarchais, but, on the contrary, throws out insinuations against the justice of the demand, resists it, and, the affair being brought into a

court of law, exerts all the influence of his rank and connexions to defeat the claims of our author. For once, however, justice and right prevail. Beaumarchais gains the trial, and imagines the money already in his pocket. But this was merely for want of understanding the character of his adversary, of the laws of France, or rather of those who administered them, and sported at pleasure with the rights of the community. The Count de la Blache appeals to a new court, and M. Beaumarchais loses the trial. Years had now been consumed in the dispute; but the parties, by no means fatigued with their exertions, continue to expose the weakness and absurdity of the institutions of their country. Beaumarchais appeals, in his turn, to the King's council, who annul the previous decision, but hand over the affair to the parliament of Aix for final decision. At length, after eight years of consultations, decisions, annullings, appeals, and prodigious expense, the parliament decides for Beaumarchais, and the Count de la Blache is compelled to succumb to his plebeian adversary.

Such is the outline of the principal event narrated in these Memoirs. But the interest springs not out of the nature of the transaction, which, though somewhat extraordinary when contemplated in all its bearings, is yet too much akin to common lawsuits, powerfully to command our sympathy: it is the skill, the ingenuity, the simplicity, the natural and graceful style, in which the various little circumstances into which the main action branches out, are described, that interest and amuse us. For example, the wife of one of the King's council accepts a bribe for procuring our author an audience of her husband. The thing itself is by no means very uncommon; but the history of this little affair is amusing in the highest degree. A kind of stage rises before the reader's fancy; the actors, various in rank, character, and occupation, present themselves—perform their part—make their speeches—retire. Then follow the consequences. The author is accused before the parliament of Paris of bribery and corruption—numerous intrigues are hatched against him—his friends at court by turns encourage and desert him—his friends are transformed into enemies by the force of money—and, thus abandoned to himself, he undertakes his own defence against court, parliament, and faithless friends. And here we perceive the prodigious force of genius. The persecuted, wronged, calumniated, and betrayed author takes up his pen,—and riches, rank, and power give way and vanish, as it were, into empty air before the attacks of eloquence. Our feelings, as we read, are enlisted on the side of the skillful and impassioned pleader, and his enemies become the object of our utter contempt and scorn.

One of the most curious and entertaining portions of the whole work is what may be called the "Episode of the Fifteen Guineas." It is a truly admirable little piece. The lady who requires this paltry bribe under false pretences, is threatened to be examined upon the subject before the parliament. Her husband, a man powerful at court, a member of this parliament, and withal a rich and extensively-connected individual, is in the greatest imaginable perplexity on the occasion. Had the bribe been a large one, it would have been some consolation; but that the young and handsome wife of one of the King's council should receive a bribe of "fifteen guineas"!—aye, that was the rub. The councillor is in despair. First, he resolves to procure a *lettre de cachet* to arrest his wife, and conceal her in some convent. Then the man through whom the bribe was conveyed is to be spirited off to Holland—consultations are held—the wife, apparently, refuses to retire to a convent—the agent's wife will not permit him to reduce her to a state of widowhood, even for "a consideration"—and, in the end, the "great

man" is compelled to submit to have his wife examined, interrogated, cross-questioned, exposed to the necessity of lying, prevaricating, and contradicting herself and him before the whole court and parliament—and, what was still worse, before his enemy. The courts of law in France have never been remarkable for their delicacy; but the lady now examined, young as she was, shocked them by her unnecessary immodesty. She made allusions—she ostentatiously dwelt upon indelicate circumstances—and Beaumarchais, who, in default of counsel, examined her himself, maliciously brought her back again and again, though with well-affected reluctance, to this critical point, and exhibited her as a laughing-stock to the whole court. This was one way of avenging himself upon his impudent persecutor. But the worst remained. The same pen which composed the "*Marriage of Figaro*," also compiled the "*History of the Fifteen Guineas*," and thus rendered the principal actors in it the objects of immortal scorn. We advise our readers to peruse these curious "*Mémoires*," or rather "*Pleadings*," (for they are by no means biographical,) for the sake of getting something more than a glimpse into the manners of those times, but, above all things, of discovering the indescribable meanness of the great.

Beaumarchais was a great admirer of the fair sex; and this part of his character, which was well known, rendered even his best actions suspected when the ladies were concerned. His lawsuit was no sooner gained, to the great annoyance of the haughty *noblesse*, than he was again plunged up to the ears in new difficulties, or rather annoyances, for this time the lawyers had nothing to do with the business. A Swiss lady and her husband, residing in Paris, and hating each other as cordially as any married pair ever did, now come upon the scene. The whole story possesses a deeper interest than the greater number of those most interesting things, called romances; but it is much too long to be repeated in this place.

Two Memoirs read before L'Académie Royale des Sciences at Paris, on the successful Inhalation of diluted Chlorine in the early stages of Pulmonary Consumption, as a remedy capable of prolonging life, and of alleviating the distressing symptoms in the more advanced stages of that complaint; with Cases, &c. Translated from the French of M. Gannal, by William Horatio Potter, M.R.I. Operative Chemist. London, 1830. Callow & Wilson.

A Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption, its Prevention and Remedy. By John Murray, F.S.A. F.L.S. F.H.S. F.G.S. &c. &c. London, 1830. Whittaker & Co.

THERE is no profession, for the right exercise of which so much preparatory study is required as that of medicine—none in which a regular education is so indispensable. Anatomy, chemistry, materia medica, each of these subjects requiring extensive and practical knowledge, are, after all, merely the ground-work on which must be raised the future superstructure of professional skill; the other subjects of study are numerous, and each more than sufficient to occupy a life. A man of common education may, by attentive reading, become well versed in theology or law; but with medicine or surgery he cannot—he must attend the schools in which these are taught, must be an eye-witness, an attentive observer of the mechanism of the system on which he is to exercise his future art, and of the means and instruments he is to employ—he must study the nature of the human body in health, its innumerable changes in disease. The ancients termed him the wisest man who deeply felt that he knew little. The more extensive our infor-

mation, the more we are conscious of our deficiencies, of the limited extent of our faculties, and the boundless fields on which they may be exercised. He must be a bold and a reckless man, who, starting up from a profitless pallet, ventures at once into the territories of medicine—such has been, and is Mr. Long. Of this man and his pretended cures the chief advocate has been the *Literary Gazette*; the influence of that paper has been lent to give to him a baleful notoriety and fame. The editor of that work, to speak in gentle phrase, has been greatly censurable. No medical man could have been concerned in such absurd folly: he would have known too well the extensive and difficult nature of medical science; he could never have written such articles as have appeared in that *Journal* in reference to Mr. Long; and for a non-medical man, it was the height of infatuation.

Mr. St. John Long has, for a considerable time, been figuring as a pretended curer of consumption; and it is incredible what numbers of people,—ay—and many of them of noble blood, have been subjected to his processes of counter irritation and inhalation. Some are said to have been cured, many of them relieved. We have no mention of those who, like Miss Cashin, have been hurried prematurely to the grave. The case of Miss Cashin stands prominently forward, because she was in perfect health when this daring and desperate man, to use her own expression, "laid his hands upon her," and her death was too clearly referable to his ignorant presumption. If we may credit the reported extent of his practice, many, many more who now sleep with their fathers, might be added to the melancholy catalogue. We have not words strong enough to express our indignation and abhorrence of this man's presumptuous folly, and wickedness. Regularly-educated practitioners, even those of the greatest talents and experience, are too often painfully conscious of their inability to cure or relieve, sometimes fully to understand the nature of, a disease—all their knowledge and experience affords them often only an imperfect light:—empirics must always grope in the dark. We find fault with a tailor who spoils the few yards of cloth with which we may have furnished him—with the lawyer, whose ignorance involves us in a ruinous suit;—how much more reason have we to censure the man, who, for the basest purposes, pretends to restore or to secure health, and sacrifices life itself to his own selfish purposes! But we need not wonder so many are disposed to delude, when so many are disposed to be deluded;—we do wonder, however, that among the latter so many are found, from whose education and information we might have hoped for the exhibition of common sense. It is high time the legislature should interfere and put a stop to the practice of empiricism. If, in any case, it is incumbent upon it to rule with a high hand, it is here. We have just been informed of the death of a man, caused by another of these ignorant and rash empirics. Is a short imprisonment or a paltry fine all the penalty to be inflicted?

We must now, however, turn to the works immediately under consideration. Mr. Murray's takes a much more extensive range than that of M. Gannal; its subjects depart widely from its title, but they are all of an interesting and important nature, and could only be presented to us in their present form by a man of ability and extensive information. His medical knowledge is evidently far beyond the average of the best educated non-medical men; and the effect has been, a work too scientific for ordinary readers—too little so for medical. We do not feel disposed to cavil with him for somewhat encroaching on the province of the faculty by his writings—the style of which is occasionally affected—so long as he does not presume to go

beyond theory. He claims to himself the merit of discovering the efficacy of the chlorine gas; he did so, he informs us, in 1818, but M. Gannal's discovery of its utility was in 1817.

Mr. Murray recommends also, and in preference, the inhalation of the diluted nitrous acid gas. We believe advantage may often be obtained from both of these, but consider the subject as requiring further investigation, and much more extensive trial—which trial should only be made by intelligent and skilful medical men, who, carefully noticing the effects, may be able to combat them, if at any time injurious.

Mr. Murray does not consider consumption infectious. Spaniards in general entertain a very different opinion. In their country the unfortunate patients are almost separated from their friends. We believe it sometimes is infectious, and could bring forward strong proofs; but time will not permit. We conclude with recommending the above works to our medical readers.

Camden; a Tale of the South. 3 vols. 1830. Philadelphia, Carey & Lea: London, A. K. Newman.

AN unpretending work, and something better than half the modern thirty-shilling novels. As Beau Brummel said once, when offended by the Prince of Wales, "Gad, Sir, I'll bring his father into fashion"—so we are half inclined to patronize A. K. Newman & Co. They must, however, double their price, lay out a few hundreds in puffing, and start a *Gazette* of their own.

A Chronological Chart of the Origin and Introduction of Inventions and Discoveries from the earliest Date to the present Period. By the author of a practical system of Mnemonics, entitled "Reminiscencia Numeralis." London, 1830. Darton & Harvey.

THIS is a very useful and ingenious sheet, and will convey valuable information to the minds of young and old. It should be hung up in every library and study, and would be found to be a most serviceable table of reference to all authors on scientific subjects. A man well read in this one sheet would be a Library of Useful Knowledge himself.

A Genealogical Chart of all the Kings of England. By Robert Strong.

THIS chart, which we have examined with due minuteness, is, in several respects, superior to any that has come under our observation. It commences with king Egbert, and exhibits an account of the royal issue, male and female,—legitimate and otherwise, from that monarch, down through the various dynasties, to the present reign—the periods of the birth, marriage, and death of the sovereigns, as well as of their descendants, with their titles, and other particulars connected with their history. The whole is recorded with commendable accuracy, and within a convenient compass. The armorial bearings, obtained from the surest source of information in such matters, are emblazoned in a superior style of elegance. We doubt not that this chart, possessing, among other recommendations, that of having been executed in the lithographic press of Engelmann, will be found a most useful as well as ornamental appendage to the library or the study. In its arrangement, it is explicit and well devised; and, altogether, it reflects much credit on the ingenuity, diligence, and taste of the constructor. It is honoured with the patronage of the sovereign.

[The following is interesting, independent of all poetical merit. It is a translation of the Patriotic Song of Mina's soldiers, sung in chorus on the late advance into their country. It was sent from Paris to one of their countrymen, with a special request that he would translate and insert it in this Paper. Mere critical commendation would be impertinent on such an occasion; we insert it literally as received, and very creditable it is to any foreigner. We need not say we are gratified by the compliment paid us, and well pleased with so pleasant an introduction to the translator; and only regret we have not room for the original Spanish song.]

RISE, Spaniards!—to arms quickly hie,
To Mina's proud banner repair;
March—march, full of hope, and the air
Sound loudly with freedom's great cry.
War, war to the dark tyranny
Which holds in vile thralldom the land!
March—march, full of hope, gallant band,
Your country to save and be free!

Pelagius, when on the bleak heights,
Grasped a sceptre of glorious array,
He held not the despot's fierce sway—
He knew of his subjects the rights.
Iberia's old kings filled a throne,
Supported by honour's decree,
And the country, protected and free,
In the splendour of victory shone.

With the Bourbon—an ominous race—
Came tokens of suffering and guilt;
For relentless the stranger-kings built
Their power on the country's disgrace.
And darkness soon spread o'er the nation,
Extinct were the glories of yore,
The pride of Castile was no more!
Her sons lowly bowed to oppression!

Raise thy arm 'gainst the despot, O Spain!
Crush all traitors!—arise from thy fall;
Thy children have heard honour's call,
And hasten their rights to maintain.
The reign of the laws, as of old,
Shall start into vigour anew,
And patriots with transports shall view
Their country fresh glories unfold.

Spain's despot, her shame and her pain,
With eye unrelenting beholds,
And, unmoved by her wailings, he holds
More tight in his grasp the foul chain.
But the thunder of Liberty's voice,
Which once waked his horror and fear,
Soon loudly shall ring in his ear,
And bid all true Spaniards rejoice.

Shall a native be found in the land,
A foe to that land and his name,
Who will his debasement proclaim,
And join of a tyrant the band?
No Spaniard such cause can befriend—
He feels sacred Liberty's glow;
His weapon will thunder no blow
'Gainst the soil he was born to defend.

List not, glorious patriots, the cry
Of revenge, nor ensanguine the plain;
Ye're brothers, O children of Spain,—
Take heed from fierce discord to fly:
Shouts of joy—of freedom alone,
From Pyrene to Gades resound;
Let the veil of oblivion profound
O'er wrongs of the past now be thrown.

PUMP n. SUCKER, GENT., ONE &c.

I prithee, say, what is this same
Mysterious adjunct to that name?
The "gentleman" is plain enough,
But what's the other added stuff?
I'll tell you, friend, that phrase is "short"
For an attorney of the court;
And from the fear to give a handle
To suits of libel or of scandal,
The "Gent." is openly express'd,
Whilst all the " &c."—the rest,
Dare not be told, but may be guess'd.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The present session of the London University, was opened on Monday the 1st of November, by Professor Long, in a lecture on the study of Latin and Greek, and on the method of teaching these languages in the University. It would be too long for the columns of the Athenæum to give an abridgment of this lecture. The following account of it may, however, be relished by our readers.

The Professor, after advocating the importance of classical learning, as affording one of the best means of training the mind to habits of thoughtful industry, and one of the most pleasing ways of enriching it with varied and useful knowledge, went into a detail of the method of teaching adopted in the Latin and Greek classes. This method is eminently practical. Prose authors are chiefly read, and care is taken, in the daily examinations, that the students be rendered thoroughly masters of that portion of the text on which they are examined. This is accomplished by requiring from them as daily exercises the translation, into the language of the class, of a series of sentences from English, which have been constructed purposely upon the model of those contained in the lesson read; and by requiring the recitation by heart of certain portions of the original. And as the public examinations, which take place three times a year, and upon which the acquisition of honours depends, embrace a selection from the questions and exercises which constitute the every-day business of the class,—the punctual attendance is thus secured of all who have any wish to reach ultimate distinction. The usual school practice of committing the details of a grammar to memory, independently of the immediate exemplification of its rules in practice, the Professor, in very pointed terms, condemned. More than the mere accidence of a language he considered it unnecessary to make a task for the memory. As to the rest, the analogies and structure of the language he considered likely to be learned far more easily and with greater profit, under the *vivid voce* instructions of the teacher. The grammars, as they are almost universally constructed, are convenient and even necessary books of reference, and as such alone ought to be used. The most interesting part of the Professor's observations, was that in which he pointed out the importance and interest of studying language etymologically. Here, he showed how, by learning to recognize the same root under different modifications, whole classes of words are learned at once, and the mind is awakened to the important exercise of tracing the same radical idea throughout the numerous guises under which it may be hid by adventitious circumstances, by the annexation of suffixes, and by its association with an endless variety of concomitant ideas. Mr. Long closed his lecture, by casting a glance at the progress which had been made throughout the country, and especially in the metropolis, in zeal for the spread of rational education, since the time when the University of London was projected. He instanced the erection of numerous schools around, each vying with the other in eagerness to introduce improvement into the method of communicating elementary instruction; and above all, he mentioned with honour and hailed with sentiments of delight, the erection of a sister university in the metropolis; and, whilst he justly attributed the stimulus thus given to extensive exertions in the important business of education, to the spirit and perseverance which had carried the consolidation of the University of London through so many difficulties, and acknowledged the benefit which must accrue to the community from the existence in the different institutions of a spirit of active rivalry, he feelingly expressed a hope that this rivalry would ever be of an open and honourable character,—

removed alike from the ignoble jealousies of party politics, and the prosecution of petty and particular interests.

The demeanour of the Professor was characterized throughout by a modesty and earnestness which commanded the close attention of a numerous and respectable audience.

PROFESSOR DE MORGAN'S LECTURE.

On Tuesday, the 2nd instant, at 3 o'clock, Professor De Morgan opened the scientific course at the University of London, by delivering a lecture on the study of the mathematical and physical sciences.

The lecture, throughout, was in the highest degree creditable to the judgment, acuteness, and ability of the Professor. The main object of the greater proportion of his observations, was to show that experiment formed the basis of all our knowledge, even in the abstract sciences; and hence to press upon the attention of those who take any interest in elementary education, the importance of filling the youthful mind with the facts and results of scientific investigation, before introducing it into the field of demonstration. What are called axioms, are merely statements of appearances which have presented themselves without variation to the observation of all, and are felt to be true, merely in consequence of being thus observed. Indeed, there can be little doubt, the Professor observed, that, long before the mutual dependencies of mathematical truths were attended to, so as to lead to such an arrangement as has been bequeathed to us by Euclid, the principal propositions were known to the ancients as truths which were not the result of demonstration, but the received lessons of observation and experiment merely. The Professor went through the various departments of study, and noted in what manner observation formed the groundwork of all our knowledge. Even in acquiring our ideas of number, he held, that there could be little doubt that the mind invariably has recourse to sensible objects. One observation he made, upon which he laid particular stress, because he gave it upon the authority of his individual experience. He had found in the course of teaching his class, that where a habitude of reasoning had not been acquired,—where there had not been previous training in tracing the connexion between the steps of a demonstration, the irksomeness of following out a train of consequences was excessive; and yet, all the while, the result of the demonstration would be readily admitted as correct, independently of the reasoning altogether. He affirmed, in short, that it was not the demonstration which under these circumstances gave the mind faith in the truth of the result, but it was a belief in the truth of the result which gave confidence in the correctness of the reasoning employed in establishing it. From this he inferred the very great importance of storing the mind early with a knowledge of the chief results of mathematical investigation, without attaching to the communication anything in the shape of demonstration at all. The mind which entered upon the investigations of demonstrative science, after having been made acquainted with a wide range of natural phenomena, and having been accustomed to note resemblances among related facts, and after having been stored with the principal and most interesting facts of arithmetic and geometry, would find the pathway of demonstration strewed with allurements which would entice it onwards to its higher walks; whereas to the mind deficient in this previous training, the otherwise alluring ascent could not fail to wear a rugged and ungainly aspect. The Professor next alluded to the vulgar prejudice of decrying theory in comparison with practice: as if practical operations were not effective, in proportion as they are pursued under the guidance of theory. Theory, in the proper sense of the word, he showed to

be, the classification of related phenomena according to observed points of resemblance,—framed for the express purpose of rendering more certain and effective, the operations of the observer and experimentalist; and hence showed clearly that that practice which is *untheoretical* and that which takes theory as its guide, differ as widely, as the gropings of a blind man along the pavement, and the steady onward course of an ordinary passenger. They, he observed, who uphold the superiority of practice over theory, appeal triumphantly to the advanced state of the arts and manufactures in our own country, compared with the point of progress as yet reached by our neighbours on the continent: whilst, it is acknowledged, on all hands, that the progress made by continental philosophers in theoretical knowledge, is much more advanced than that which has been made in Britain. This the Professor very justly attributed to political causes. On the continent, it had been found for the interest of the despotic governments, to take men of science into pay; and by this means, whilst more leisure was afforded for the cultivation of science by a few, the results of their labours were monopolized by the government, and the mass of the people were kept in comparative ignorance. In Britain, on the other hand, the comparative freedom of our political institutions leaves every man at liberty to shift for himself, whilst no peculiar enticements are held out by government for securing the exclusive exertions of scientific men. The obvious consequence of this state of things has been, that men's attention here has been turned more to the profitable details of practice, than to the less lucrative pursuit of theoretical investigations. The Professor, in conclusion, took occasion here, to call the attention of his hearers to the nature of the political events now in progress on the continent, as likely, at no great distance of time, to alter entirely the comparative positions of Great Britain and the continent, in the matter of practical excellence. On the continent, where theoretical knowledge is much further advanced than with us, all that is wanting is that freedom of political constitution, on the possession of which we justly pride ourselves, in order to render the application of this knowledge general throughout the operations of the enfranchised artisans, and thus to bid fair for ensuring to the practice of the continent, a vast superiority over that degree of excellence which has already been reached among us. Of course, the Professor here wisely suggested the importance of these considerations under existing circumstances, when the people of the continent were universally rousing themselves to the assertion of their rights. It would be gratifying to us to witness the rapid progress of improvement among our neighbours, only whilst we felt ourselves advancing with at least equal speed, beyond the higher vantage ground upon which we were conscious at present of standing.

The Professor, at the conclusion of his interesting lecture, was loudly and enthusiastically cheered.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the Society for the present season was held on Wednesday evening; Professor Sedgwick in the chair. The Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, and a very numerous list of presents both in books and specimens. The chairman, in moving the thanks of the Society to the different donors, very justly dilated on the liberal additions both to the library and the museum, and congratulated the meeting on the great interest that was taken in the objects of the Society.

Several new members were elected, amongst whom we heard the names of Lord Selkirk, Dr. Arnold, Mr. Henry Ellis Shaw Lefevre, and others.

A paper by Mr. Yates, on the subject of alluvial deposits, was read; when the author addressed the meeting in support of his theory, and Mr. Greenough made a few remarks in reply;—but the more general discussion of this subject, the fertile topic of dispute amongst geologists, was postponed until the ensuing meeting.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

THE first meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday, Nov. 2nd, Aylmer Bourke Lambert, senior Vice President, in the chair. The secretary read a paper by John Hogg, A.M. on the Classical Plants of Switzerland. The object of this communication was, to afford popular descriptions of various plants known to and described by ancient classic authors. The works of *Ælian*, *Dioscorides*, *Pliny*, *Theophrastus*, and others, were referred to. The donations, principally works on the various branches of Natural History, were numerous and valuable. The meeting was fully attended: Mr. Burchell, Captain King, Mr. Calcleggh, and other celebrated travellers and naturalists, were present.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Tuesday, Nov. 2.—The communications made to the Society consisted of—

A report upon the effect of planting certain tender exotic plants in the open air at Bristol, by W. P. Taunton, Esq. F.H.S.

A report from the garden of the Society, upon the effect of the stock upon fruit trees, by Mr. Robert Thompson;—and

An account of a new kind of protecting frame to be used in forcing asparagus, sea-kale, &c. in the open ground, by Mr. John Dick, of Ballindean, near Perth.

The advancing season naturally curtails the exhibitions of some part of their general beauty, but, notwithstanding, the following did not fail to excite some interest:—Kerry pippins, and three other sorts of apples, from Mr. J. G. Fuller, F.H.S.; a cluster of Downton pippins, from William Cobb, Esq. of Margate; flowers of *Mathiola tricuspidata*, from Henry Shute, Esq.; a species of *Vernonia* from Brazil, from Mr. J. A. Henderson, F.H.S.; *Camellia* flowers, from John Allnutt, Esq. F.H.S.; and a collection of apples and pears from the Society's garden.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE monthly meeting took place in Bruton Street on the 4th inst., Lord Auckland in the chair.—The minutes of the last monthly meeting were read and confirmed. Thirteen new members and one corresponding member were elected, and twenty-two certificates read, of persons to be balloted for at the next meeting. The report of the council on the subjects of Accounts, Library, Museum, and Menagerie, was also read. Some of the donations were of great intrinsic zoological value, including specimens of the Orang-outang and the Wombat. The number of visitors to the museum within the last month, was stated to be 1381; and to the garden, 28,042.

LONDON PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Monday, November 1.—The Society resumed their meetings for the season this evening,—Edward Wright, M.D., President, in the chair. The President delivered an address, in which he reviewed the present state of the science of Phrenology in this country, and the zeal with which it was now cultivated by men of talent; he spoke of the advantages he anticipated the science would derive from the intended lectures of Dr. Vimont, and the publication of that gentleman's splendid work on Comparative and

Human Phrenology, which, he informed the meeting, was already in a very advanced state. He likewise reverted to the interest excited at Liverpool, by a double course of lectures now being delivered in that city by Dr. Spurzheim, and concluded by hoping that the members would continue to exert themselves in collecting new facts, for upon facts alone was the science founded.—Mr. Henry Drew read a short paper on the cerebral organization of Dobie and Thomson, the Gilmerton carriers, in illustration of casts of the heads of those criminals, which he laid upon the table.

Dr. Vimont communicated to the Society a proposal for the model of a new Phrenological bust, on an improved principle to that hitherto employed. "If," he said, "he examined the busts now in the hands of the public, he could not but imagine, that their bad execution was one of the principal causes which tended to diminish the number of the partizans of Phrenology." He considers that the proportions between the integuments and the skull have not been properly appreciated, nor have the organs been represented in their true form and localization.

Numerous skulls of animals, principally carnivorous, were, through the kindness of C. R. Hyndman, Esq. (who has presented them to the Zoological Society,) laid on the table. Mr. Hyndman related several anecdotes of their various propensities which had fallen under his observation, whilst with his regiment in India, and which were thought to confirm the observations previously made on their organization by Dr. Vimont and other members.

John Harrison Black, LL.D. was proposed as a Corresponding Member.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.

ON Wednesday evening the first meeting of this society was held at the Freemasons' Tavern; we attended several of the meetings during the last season, and were not less pleased with the valuable objects in art presented to our view, than to the agreeable conversation which is generally to be found amongst men who make the arts their study and pursuit. On Wednesday we were not less pleased than on former occasions; the display of drawings, new prints, (many of them unpublished) and books of prints, models, &c., would of themselves form a most valuable collection. Our notice must be too short to particularize many of them—but we were much struck by a *con amore* head of one of Stanfield the painter's children, by Etty, as vigorous and bold as a Rubens; some sheets of studies of heads and figures in pen and ink, by that most extraordinary man Bonington, were not less curious than masterly. Those who delight in the works of our water-colour artists, had abundance for their admiration—there were many by Copley Fielding, Roberts, Prout, Harding, Lewis, Penny Williams, &c. A bust by Behnes Burlowe of the chairman of the society, George Clint, A.R.A., was not less admired as an admirable likeness than for the able execution. We cannot but express our approbation of the conduct of the president of the Royal Academy, who we were delighted to see mingle with, and give his approbation and advice to many of the young members of the society. Several of the Royal Academicians and distinguished amateurs were present.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, PARIS.

THIS Institution had a very grand meeting on Saturday last, for the purpose of awarding honours and prizes to various competitors in painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, and musical composition. It was attended by MM. Gros, Ingres, Guérin, Pradier, David, Cortot, Huot, Le Sueur, Berton, Boieldieu, Cherubini,

and indeed, by almost all that Paris can boast of as eminent in every department of art.

The session was opened by a grand cantata of M. de Montfort, entitled "*Sardanapalus*," seasonably adapted to current events. The business of decreeing and distributing the prizes to the successful candidates then followed. The whole was concluded by the second act of the opera of "*Maria di Brabante*," lately produced at Venice, by a pupil of the French Institute.

All this is certainly very French, and appears to us very funny. Indeed, the French reporter himself seems to have his misgivings on the point, and to doubt whether the time for this sort of patronage of art is not passing, if not already passed, even in France.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY, Medical Society Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY, { Medico-Botanical Society ... } past 8, P.M.
 { Medico-Chirurgical Society Nine, P.M.
WEDNESD. Society of Arts past 7, P.M.
FRIDAY, Astronomical Society Eight, P.M.
SATURDAY, Westminster Medical Soc... Eight, P.M.

FINE ARTS.

Select Views of the Principal Cities of Europe: from Original Drawings by Lieut.-Col. Batty, F.R.S. No. III. Lisbon. Moon, Boys & Co.

A VERY interesting work, and, considering how many of our countrymen the late war made familiar with Lisbon, this is a very interesting number.

What beauties doth Lisbon first unfold!
Her image floating on that noble tide,
Which poets vainly pave with sands of gold,
But now whereon a thousand keels did ride,
Of mighty strength, since Albion was allied,
And to the Lusian did her aid afford.

The outline plates have their use, and will help to recall places once familiar to so many—the Torre de Belem, however, was not likely to be forgotten, and the fine old Moorish architecture of St. Geronymo, hardly required one. The excellence of this work we conceive to be its fidelity; and, with the help of the key plates, it recalls the scenery, and makes the untravelled almost as well acquainted with the localities as a panorama.

Landscape Illustrations of the Waverley Novels. Part VII. London. C. Tilt.

THE first plate is very properly called a view of "*Edinburgh Castle*," for Mr. Stanfield has most ingeniously contrived to shut out the town by huge masses of rock in the foreground; what, however, is seen, is touched in a very delicate and artist-like manner. "*St. Anthony's Chapel*," by Barrett, is dark and heavy. To "*Loch Awe*," and "*Ben Curachan*," by J. B. Fraser, we think E. Finden has not done justice, it is as wiry as a Scotch terrier, and alike all over;—but the "*Hill of Hoy*," drawn by Fielding, from a sketch by the Marchioness of Stafford, is a very sweet picture, though not finished with the care it ought to have been.

Illuminated Ornaments selected from Missals and Manuscripts of the Middle Ages. By Henry Shaw. Part III. London. Pickering.

A number quite equal, in the beauty of the designs and delicacy of the drawings, to any of the preceding.

The Orphan Ballad Singers: painted by H. Gill, Esq., engraved by J. Romney.

WE least like the orphans themselves in this clever little picture, and the basket covered by the cloak on the arm of the elder, is out of all proportion—the other figures are very natural and beautiful, and the engraving is good.

THE ANNUALS.

Our table is still covered with these splendid volumes—"The Landscape" as full of interest as ever—the "Amulet" giving great promise; indeed, the prefixed plate of 'Lady Gower and Child' is one of the sweetest pictures, and in parts, the face especially, one of the most delicate and highly-finished engravings we have seen, although, judging from the impression before us, it has been printed carelessly or in great haste, and is cruelly black: the 'Florence' is a copy from Turner's larger picture in Hake-will's Italy—how is this? We presume Mr. Turner's price and talent is the apology for these repetitions.—The "Remembrance"—the "Forget Me Not"—and others, we have hardly opened, and must defer the notice of all. The following came first to hand, and are therefore entitled to precedence.

THE KEEPSAKE.

We have had single plates more attractive, perhaps, in the former volumes; but, as a whole, this is not inferior to any, and is well worthy the high reputation of the work. The figure in 'The Presentation Plate,' Heath, after Corbould, is graceful; the rest is commonplace; but 'The Vignette,' drawn by Corbould, after Flaxman, engraved by Thomson, is most delicate and beautiful. The design is equal to the finest bas-reliefs of Thorwaldsen—as fine as his 'Night,' and more original. This plate is to us quite a treasure; we linger over and return to it, and never grow weary with looking on it. 'Haidee,' by C. Heath, after Eastlake. There is a great deal of simple beauty in this figure, which, however, we more admire than like. The engraving is beautiful.

'The Gondola,' by C. Heath, after F. P. Stephanoff, would have deserved great commendation but for the intolerable affectation of the lover, and the melo-dramatic extravagance of his rival. The lady, however, is very delicate and graceful.

'Juliet,' J. C. Edwards, after Miss Sharpe, is a clever picture beautifully engraved. We have seldom more admired a painting by this lady: it is full of feeling and delicacy, without affectation, and the engraver has done it justice.

'Mima,' C. Heath, after Cristall. Mima herself is very pretty and natural; but the picture is too much crowded, and the engraving wry.

'The Use of Tears,' by C. Rolls, after Bonington, is a very powerful and admirable picture, and well engraved.

'Nestor and Tydides,' Brandard, after Westall. The engraving does not do justice to the painting.

'The Swiss Peasant,' C. Heath, after Howard. There is a great deal of natural elegance in the principal figure; but the scenery is more like the South Downs than Switzerland.

'Sea-shore, Cornwall,' W. Miller, after Bonington. What an admirable artist was Bonington! Now that it is too late, all acknowledge this. After admiring the rich Rembrandt power of the 'Use of Tears,' we are not less delighted at the brilliant nature of this delightful picture. It has all the fullness of such a scene, and we seem to inhale the sea-breeze as we look at it.

'The Knight and the Lady,' C. Heath, after F. P. Stephanoff, will be admired; but for ourselves, we shall pass on to

'The Secret,' J. Mitchell, after R. Smirke: a very clever and effective picture, which tells its own story admirably.

'Adelaide,' E. Chalon, engraved by C. Heath. Mr. Heath deserves great credit for this engraving,—not for the mere manual dexterity, but for the artist-like feeling with which he has caught the true spirit of the painting. To the painting there are trifling objections; but "look in the face, and you'll forget them all." It is one of the sweetest and most natural pictures of

one of the sweetest and most fascinating children we ever looked on.

'Saumur,' by R. Wallis; and 'Nantes,' by Willmore, are both from paintings by Turner; and the latter is especially beautiful.

'Milan Cathedral,' Wm. Wallis, after S. Prout. Mr. Prout is always powerful, but he has rather overstepped truth in this instance, and sacrificed the perspective of the figures to effect. The bustle of the scene recalls the reality. We never entered Milan Cathedral that it did not look like a fair, from the preachings and teachings going on in it.

'Chacun à son goût,' Bacon, after J. Stephanoff. Another extravagance! The old lover reminds us of one of Landseer's monkeys, and seems about to bite rather than kiss the hand of the lady; yet how little is wanting to make this a very pleasant picture, and J. Stephanoff a very clever painter. Let him study, day and night, the sweet, natural, unaffected simplicity of the 'Orphan Boy,' engraved by C. Heath, after Cristall,—a work of great beauty, both as a painting and engraving.

JUVENILE ANNUALS.

It is a treat to turn over the pages of these pleasant volumes. All that can delight the eye, strike the fancy, or instruct the minds of those for whose gratification they are designed, is here to be found. The embellishments are in general selected with great taste, and executed with great ability.—First, of

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT, AND JUVENILE SOUVENIR.

'The Wooden Leg,' Chevalier, after Farrier. A clever picture; the children full of character and variety, and old age, of garrulity and pleasantness. The veteran is evidently "fighting all his battles o'er again." There is a great deal of nature in the picture, and ability in the engraving.

'Tonina,' Rolls, after Hollins. Another delightful picture, beautiful as nature itself, and well engraved.

'The Boat-Launch,' Rivers, after Guet, wants vigour.

'An Indian Scene,' Lacey, after Westall, is very like a picture by the same artist in the "Forget Me Not;" but either the impression before us is much worn, or the engraving is inferior. There is much of oriental grandeur, both of scenery and character, about both pictures.

'The Little Savoyards,' Greatbach, after Edmonstone, will be liked by young people, for whom the work is intended. We regret we do not like it.

'I am far from Home,' Ashley, after Poole. We should not have noticed this picture at all, but that the engraver has taken some pains with it; as we have, we may mention that we have seen Caffer girls with their hair stiffly platted, but never in flowing ringlets.

'The Soldier's Widow,' engraved by Baker, is a beautiful copy of Scheffer's well-known picture.

'The Sanctuary,' engraved by H. Rolls, after Westall, is full of interest and beauty. It will, we have no doubt, be greatly admired: but we must not overlook the engraver, who has given to it almost the vigour and power of a painting, with the delicate finishing of a miniature.

ACKERMANN'S JUVENILE FORGET ME NOT Comes recommended to us by a beautiful portrait of a child—

'The Infant Samuel,' Woolnoth, after Holmes. This is decidedly a happy picture of infant beauty, the artist has shown much ability in his management of the light and shade, the former breaking in at the corner, throws a sort of Titian-like illu-

mination over the form and features of the cherub, that seems, in its attitude of lisping prayer, to be breathing the pure unearthly atmosphere of heaven.

'Juvenile Masquerade,' Rolls, after Landseer. A pretty but unmeaning picture.

'Juvenile Architect,' Shepton, after Hart. Indifferent, the fore-shortening of the old man's right leg and foot is wretched.

'The Breakfast,' Chevalier, after Beechey. A pleasing and very natural picture.

'Who'll serve the King,' Chevalier, after Farrier. A little exaggerated, but possessing considerable merit. There is something stupendous in the urchin with the ensign, he seems more like one of a race of giants than of heroes.

'Andernach,' Finden, after Prout. This yields in beauty to many of the splendid architectural productions of the painter; the engraving is faithful, but our impression is very bad, and therefore we cannot speak of the execution.

'Going to Market,' Chevalier, after Shasler. A pretty picture with a pleasant rustic simplicity about it, and the *little old woman* with her market-basket is sweetly natural—we prefer it to the

'Cottage-door,' Fox, after Hunt. A brilliant engraving, though wanting effect.

'Preparing for the Race,' Sartain, after Davis. A good subject indifferently handled.

THE public have heard, and no doubt with regret, that all the workmen are discharged, and a stop put to the New Palace; they will hear with much more astonishment, that legal proceedings are either actually commenced, or about to be, against an influential person in the direction. This report has given us great pain. We cannot forget that passion and prejudice heretofore urged charges that were not substantiated; and we cannot but fear that change of circumstances, leaving the party friendless, may have led to this extreme measure. We may not more particularly refer to the matter, although a few weeks—perhaps a few days—may unravel the whole mystery.

We insert the following at the request of the Editor of the "Winter's Wreath":—"Those who are interested in the 'Winter's Wreath,' are informed, that the communication of a correspondent in your paper of the 23d of October, was correct in all its points. Westall's 'Mother and Infant,' engraved for that work, has probably been painted twenty years ago, and is free from the mannerism of his later figures. The consent of the owner of the picture was of course all that was required. The title was affixed by the proprietors of the 'Winter's Wreath': we think it appropriate and descriptive."

The plate which accompanies the last volume of the new edition of the Waverley Novels, has been visited with pretty severe censure; and a contemporary truly states, that it is but a very indifferent translation of the Jolly Friar, which most of our readers, no doubt, saw at the last Somerset House exhibition. But in justice to a very meritorious engraver, we think it right to mention, that the engraving was *not* made from that picture, but from a sketch by Mr. Newton, in all probability his study for it; we have seen the sketch itself and also an engraver's proof, and we must candidly admit, that we can see no reason to blame Mr. E. Finden. We must, however, repeat what we urged heretofore, that the public are hardly justified in forming an opinion of the engraver's skill and labour from the plates in the volume; either the printing is careless and bad, or, one plate is made to do the work of two, and half the book impressions are thus worn out.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

A Selection from Rossini's Grand Oratorio, Mosè in Egitto, as performed at the King's Theatre, under the title of "Pietro l'Eremita." Arranged for the Pianoforte, by N. B. Challoner: in two Books. Mayhew & Co.

THIS is, we believe, the seventh or eighth Opera of Rossini's that we have reviewed in The Athenæum, arranged in a cheap, easy, and teachable form, by Challoner. The continued publication of such works being the best proof of their success. The first book contains the beautiful and expressive Invocation for the return of light, sung by Moses, and the Chorus which follows it. No. 2. "Celeste man placenta," the Thanksgiving Hymn; No. 3. "Voci di giubilo," Quintetto and Chorus; No. 4. the delightful duet between Osiride and Elcia, "Ah! se puoi"; No. 5. "Non è ver"; No. 6. the Duet and March, "Ah! quel suon," incorporated with the Chorus, "All'è tra, al Ciel"; and No. 7. the Duet of Elcia and Amenosie, "Tutto mi ride intorno." The 2d book commences with No. 8. the Instrumental Introduction to the second act; No. 9. the admirable Duet formerly sung with such enthusiastic applause by Curioni and Zuchelli, "Parlar spiegar"; No. 10. the expressive Aria, "La pace mia smarrita," with the subsequent allegro as No. 11; No. 12. the well-known Duet, "Quale asatto"; and No. 13. the Finale. Thus all the gems of this fine Oratorio are presented in two books in a familiar and interesting form, at a reasonable price.

Morning and Evening: two Glees, for three Voices. Written by Mrs. Joanna Baillie; composed, and affectionately inscribed to Miss Bancroft, by Mrs. J. B. Thompson. Mori & Co.

BOTH words and music are very prettily conceived and united—the latter a little in the style of the late admirable Wm. Shield; and a better model for imitation could not have been chosen. The two glees are in the same time and key (G 6-8), but it might have been better to have varied them; however, they are written with good taste, and in a pleasing style.

The Trystin' Tree: a Ballad. The words by Thomas Atkinson, Esq.; arranged, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by John M'Fadyen, jun. Clementi, Goulding & Mayhew.

THE poetry of this pleasing song is unusually good. The music is made to appear (as it should) a *Scottish* melody; but we think we recognize in it a *Swiss* air. Mr. M'Fadyen, jun., (a professor and publisher of music in Glasgow,) proves, by his arrangement and symphonies, an intimate and well-cultivated knowledge of his art; and his introduction of the extreme sharp 6th, diminished 7th, pedal basses, &c., is judicious, and not out of character with the simplicity of the melody. The second verse is given with *embellishments*, by an eminent professor of singing; these *innovations* are *not* in character, and certainly can only tend to injure the effect of the pleasing and flowing air.

The Gondola; for Four Voices: written by E. W. N. Bayley; composed and published by J. Green. A pretty union of words and music, which, if well sung by four persons, may produce an interesting effect. *Simplicity* is "The Gondola's" characteristic.

Souvenir à la Suisse: a Pastoral Divertimento for the Pianoforte, on favourite Swiss Airs sung by Madame Stockhausen. Composed, and dedicated to the Hon. Miss Louisa Smith, by J. Moschelles. Chappell.

IT is with the expectation of considerable pleasure that we open the first page of a new piece with the name of Moschelles prefixed; and our expected satisfaction has been by no means disappointed by his "Souvenir à la Suisse," which comprises an introductory andantino in G; an allegretto in the same key, "Once my Song"; an allegro in F, "The Emmethaler Herdsman"; a pastorale, "In the merry morn"; and a finale allegro giocoso, "When the day with rosy light." The whole exhibiting scientific modulations, ingenious dispersions, and flowing melody; at the same time, although by Moschelles, the whole is not difficult to be performed by a pianiste of moderate acquirements.

Thirty-six Swiss Melodies, including those sung by Madame Stockhausen. Arranged for the Flute, by William Forde. Cocks & Co.

A most complete, interesting, and well-arranged variety of nearly all the Swiss airs known in this country; at least all that are popular. They are neatly and correctly engraved, and altogether brought out in a superior manner, at a very moderate price, and form a desirable addition to the extensive catalogue of flute music lately published by Cocks & Co.

Les Bagatelles. No. 2, containing 'Donne l'Amore.' Arranged for the Pianoforte, by Augustus Meves. Cramer, Addison & Beale.

A concise, easy, and teachable trifle—two pages for 1s.; evidently intended for school teachers, and the multitude of their junior pupils.

THEATRICALS.

BEFORE we commence this subject, it is incumbent on us to inform our readers that we are no longer the man we were. Let us not be misunderstood: we do not mean that we have fallen off in zeal for their information and amusement, or that either ill health or old age has surprised us in the middle of our exertions. All we wish to convey is, that there has been a wee change in this department of the Athenæum; and that the "we" of this week, is not the "we" of last. There are "three sufficient reasons, Baillie," for stating this. Firstly, it is due to the gentleman who resigns this duty for graver matters, in order that our (my) mistakes may not be visited upon their (his) shoulders;—secondly, it is due to ourselves, that we may not be blamed for sins, if such there be, committed before our elevation to our theatrical throne;—and lastly, though not least, it is due to the public, to account for any little discrepancies which may appear between opinions past and to come. We have said *little* discrepancies, because a hasty glance at the good-humoured and gentlemanly tone of former numbers has convinced us that, in the main, we cannot have a better model. We were always of the number of those who loved the drama; and experience has made us one of those who *respect* it. Human imperfection does not admit the possibility of so vast an engine being kept in operation with none but beneficial results, and *can* only would pretend to expect that it should. We are convinced, that could an average of the good and the evil effected upon public morals, in any given season, by theatrical representations, be fairly taken, and a balance struck, the good would be found greatly to preponderate; and when to this is added, the unquestionable amount of amusement and instruction, we feel assured all sensible people will be with us, and we wish *twaddle* joy of his minority. Such has been the opinion of wiser and better men than ourselves, and in support of it, our tiny voice will always be prepared to squeak its utmost. We are delighted to commence our career just when their Majesties have shown, by an early and gracious patronage of the theatres, that their views on this point are as enlarged and liberal as we could wish them; and we trust their "servants" and subjects will be allowed, on frequent evenings, to welcome them there, and to evince their gratitude by contributing to "drive away" those "dull cares," from which a crown can no more protect the head than a round hat. We hope that our theatrical corner of the paper will not be found deficient in entertainment. We mean our opinions to be heavy—our style, light. We treat of amusement, and shall endeavour to make it an amusing treat. We are not for forcing our readers to toil for pleasures—*au contraire*, we hope to catch pleasures in our own toils, and then give the *net* proceeds to the public, through the medium of the Athenæum.

We mean to present a faithful report of what has gone on, and what has gone off, and how

things and people have gone on and off during the preceding week; "to which will be added" some intimation as to what is to come; "the whole to conclude" with such chit-chat (apart from scandal,) as may chance to be afloat. In these days of private calumny and foul-tongued slander, it is absolutely necessary to start with this reservation, in order that we, who trust that we shall always be one of those who really are "Gentlemen of the press," may not be, for an instant, confounded with those who may be justly denominated the *Press-gang*. If ever any single writer was entitled, with truth, to use the plural pronoun *we*, we are; for we have this curious and seemingly-anomalous property: we are of two distinct ages; we are something more than thirty, and something less than eighty; and we can, moreover, assume or lay aside the one and the other at pleasure. This may appear strange, after having asserted that old age had not come upon us—but it will be found to be true. We are not free from the usual mortal failing of preferring being young to being old, and shall therefore most commonly be of the former period; but as old eyes will sometimes wake and watch while young ones sleep, when we are weary, and the thirtieth part of us rests, the eightieth will speak, and the result may be looked for by our readers under the head of

"Octogenarian Reminiscences."

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

ON Saturday a new play, in three acts, interspersed with music, was produced at this Theatre. It is from the pen of Mr. Dimond, who has, in humble imitation of the fair authoress of the novel called "Separation," thought it no sin to borrow largely from himself. It is, in truth, little more than a hash, the materials for which are mainly drawn from former pieces by the same author; but the incidents, though constantly hovering between the improbable and the impossible, are well strung together for stage effect;—and, as the audience applauded it, why should we object?

The play, though somewhat absurd, was not heavy, but had it been as heavy as the Monument, the force of Miss Taylor's talent would have enabled her to carry it triumphantly upon her shoulders. At all events she did so, and the author may thank her for its unequivocal success. We cannot but lament that the critic of a paper so influential as *The Times*, should have thought it necessary to exert himself to damp the ardour, and discourage the energies, of one of the most feeling, most interesting, and most promising young actresses, whose first appearance it has ever been our lot to attend. We knew nothing, and had heard nothing of Miss Taylor before the moment she appeared on the stage, yet little more than that moment had elapsed, when we found our attention riveted on her performance. It was evident that the house was as much taken by surprise as we were. The applause to her early speeches came in gusts loud but short. People seemed at first to give way to the natural impulse, and then suddenly to check themselves, as if partly anxious not to interrupt the actress, and partly fearful of committing themselves too soon. This reserve on the part of the audience soon wore off. As the piece proceeded, and Miss Taylor had further opportunities of displaying her talents, the plaudits were loudly and generally bestowed, and at the end, the most decided and warmest marks of public favour rewarded her exertions. Her concluding appeal, "I tremble while I ask, is this my home?" intended by the author to obtain the sanction of the audience to the play, was eagerly seized by them, and applied to herself, and the simultaneous answering shout of "Yes," from the majority of the pit, must have been truly cheering to the heart of one who is

evidently an enthusiast in her profession. Tastes are so various with regard to personal appearance, that we must leave our readers to go and judge for themselves in this respect; and this, after what we have said, we should imagine they will surely do. On one point there can be no dispute—Miss Taylor's voice, whether for speaking or singing, is of a most distinct and touching quality. In speaking, she was, throughout, audible at the very back of the boxes; and she sang two ballads, one of them unaccompanied, in such a manner as to obtain for both rapturous encores. Somewhat startled by the wide difference between our estimate of this young lady's capabilities and that contained in *The Times*, we have referred to six other papers, and are happy to find opinions *six times* in our favour to the one against us. Mr. Warde deserves much commendation for the skill with which he rendered a very repulsive part almost palatable. Mr. G. Bennett enacted a part which has so much profound mystery thrown around it, at the very drawing up of the curtain, that we were, at first, disposed to imagine the whole interest of the piece was to centre in him. What then must have been our disappointment, when he at length turned out to be simply under-murderer in a Neapolitan nobleman's family? Here was the celebrated line in the "Rovers" reversed. He was "no Knight Templar, but a waiter!" The first suspicion we had of the real truth was, when he said "I am a" (now, thought we, it's coming) "mur—" said Mr. Bennett—here the Count stopped him, but it was too late—our penetration enabled us to see through it all. Mr. Power is so clever an actor when he gets a part at all worthy of him, that the only thing we can do is to wish him "better luck next time." Does Mr. Barnett think that music is like a kiss, sweetest when stolen? He should not do such things, for he has given repeated evidences of being a very delightful composer.

On Monday the King and Queen visited this Theatre. Their Majesties, we are happy to say, looked well, and were received with, if possible, greater enthusiasm than on Thursday week at Drury Lane. The pieces commanded were, "The Provoked Husband," and "Teddy the Tiler." In the former the excellence of Mr. C. Kemble's acting was worthy of the positive magnificence of his personal appearance. We never saw him look better. Miss Fanny Kemble, in *Lady Townley*, got as much applause away from his Lordship as Cibber, who grafted these two characters upon Vanbrugh's previous play, has given opportunity for; but John Bull, Esq., though he has no sort of objection to being a bit of a rover himself, likes to see wives kept in order, and therefore the feeling of the house is always on Lord Townley's side. "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia," both of which were done so carelessly at Drury Lane, were here given with excellent effect; and both were, in consequence, encored. In point of gallantry, however, the preference must be given to Drury Lane, for there we had a new verse exclusively appropriated to the Queen. To compensate for the seriousness of the last act of the play, Mr. Power had the honour of being selected to administer laughing gas to royalty; from the few glimpses we were enabled to catch of His Majesty's box, this operation seemed to be performed in a most professional manner. Their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Cumberland, Sussex and Cambridge, were present, and occupied boxes on the opposite side of the house to the King and Queen.

On Wednesday evening Miss Fanny Kemble made her first appearance in the part of *Mrs. Haller*. We have but little room left to notice this performance, but we are happy to record its very favourable reception by the audience. It is much the fashion to cry out against the moral

of this play—we have not space to combat this opinion, and shall therefore only say that we do not coincide in it. The piece, as far as construction goes, is decidedly good; the situations always effective; and, for those who do "pay their money to weep," we know not where they can get a better return for it; but we have sometimes thought that it would answer the purpose of the management of one of the great theatres to have this play re-written, so as to let us hear the whole of it in English. We really felt for Miss Kemble, when obliged to weep over speeches upon the stage which, off it, her cultivated mind must make her laugh at. Her talent, however, overcame all obstacles, and in the fifth act she drained a large portion of the audience of their tears to the last drop—of the curtain.

Drury Lane must excuse us this week. We are not a "bird," and therefore cannot be "in two places at once." If Drury Lane will give us a new piece, even though it be such a piece of stuff as Mr. Dimond's *gros* (no) *Carnaval de Naples*, and such a Taylor to make it, we will do our best to acknowledge the favour.

THEATRICAL CHAT.

The performance of the pupils of the Royal Academy, in the Concert Room of the King's Theatre this evening, holds out much attraction to at least the *fashionable* amateurs of music.

The first representation of Lord Burghersh's new opera will be honoured by the presence of both their Majesties, the Duchess of Kent also, and the Marchioness of Conyngham; and many of the real *prime donne* of the kingdom will make their first appearance for the season on this occasion.

We hear that the first piece put in rehearsal at Covent Garden will be an opera, written by Mr. Planché, and composed by Mr. Bishop. The best writer of opera we have, and the first English theatrical composer, ought to give the public cause to rejoice that they are once more at work together. If they do not, let them both beware of us.

A young lady, a pupil we believe of Crevelli, will, it is said, shortly make her debut at Covent Garden, in Miss Paton's part, in the opera of *Cinderella*.

A Miss Wells has lately made her appearance at the Dublin Theatre. The Irish papers seem to be in raptures with her, and vow that they know not which to praise most—her beauty, her acting, or her singing. If they will be so good as to let her come here, we will tell them.

[* For the notice of the dress rehearsal see next page.]

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

Oxford.

My dear Sir,—I have been exceedingly delighted with two able articles, in your recent numbers, on Sir James Mackintosh's "Second Preliminary Dissertation to the Seventh Edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*"; and with no passage in them so much as that which does justice to the great talents and ingenuity of the late Dr. Thomas Brown. I was for some years a pupil of that lamented philosopher, and, I must confess, that his lectures lose half their effect, as mere pieces of rhetoric, when deprived of the melody of the voice in which they used to be delivered. It always sounded in my young ears more charmingly than the finest arpeggios or cadenzas, which the art of a Malibran or a Pasta can produce; and, in reading, the "linked sweetness" of its inflexions far surpassed any other human tones I ever listened to, excepting, perhaps, those of one who was undoubtedly to be reckoned the most eminent Greek scholar in his day, the late Dr. Peter Elmsley, Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford.

But with the deduction to which I have referred, and considering, besides, that Brown's Lectures were a posthumous publication, and never intended, in their present form, to come before a more critical tribunal than the admiring circle of his class-room,—many of the opinions which they embody not having been matured, and some also which the author privately entertained having been suppressed, out of respect for the sensitive feelings of the venerable Dugald Stewart, who survived him,—even labouring, as they do, under all these disadvantages, they constitute, I have no hesitation in affirming, infinitely the most valuable contribution which the science of mind has received since the time of Locke;—and that they have never been regularly noticed by our two leading Reviews shows how little attention these influential miscellanies are in the habit of devoting to the highest exercises of intellect, and to the fame of departed genius. But that Sir James Mackintosh, in a professed history of metaphysical discussion, should have cautiously refrained from doing justice to the most distinguished amongst his contemporaries—treating his discoveries as light matters, at the same time that he does not scruple to borrow from them, without acknowledgment, whatever may give stability to his vapouring periods, is a matter which I conceive demands the severest reprehension; while it cannot but excite regret that the culprit should be one whose name, in many respects, stands deservedly so high. There is a spirit, however, about the worthy member for Knaresborough, which has of late years been too frequently and incautiously exhibited, and which every true friend to his reputation must have viewed with the deepest regret. His eyes seem to have become debilitated by long contemplating the glitter of aristocracy; and he cannot, in these latter days, see merit unless it appear before him lighted up with all the adventitious splendours of the peerage. The casket is to him of more value than the gem which it encloses; and, with an obliquity of feeling that cannot easily be pardoned in an individual entitled to rank among the intellectual rulers of his age, he bends in worship before the embroidered garment in which beauty or merit happen for the nonce to be arrayed, and not before the loveliness and virtue which the vesture covers. This is not exactly the place wherein to enter upon any lengthened discussion or detail respecting the peculiar tenets and arguments of Dr. Brown; but I would refer such of your readers as may feel inclined to inform themselves fully and readily on the subject, to his *Life*, from the pen of the Rev. David Welsh, now of Glasgow—a gentleman who had frequent opportunities of sitting at the feet of the modern Gamaliel; and in whose work the principles of his master will be found succinctly and clearly stated, and ably illustrated and supported.

With every wish for your welfare and prosperity,

I am,
My dear Sir,
Your sincere friend,
W. G.

The Egyptian Hall, in Piccadilly, is being converted into a bazaar, and the alterations are proceeding with great rapidity. It is said that this bazaar is to be superior in its arrangements and decorations to any which have preceded it.

On the eve of the Battle of Agincourt, the citizens of Paris offered the King a levy of eight thousand men. "What do we want with these counter-soldiers," exclaimed the Duke de Berri, "are we not already thrice as numerous as the English?" The shopkeepers were accordingly marched to the right about, and the chivalry were left to reap all the honours of the approaching battle:—history has recorded the result.

KING'S THEATRE CONCERT ROOM.
DRESS REHEARSAL OF LORD BURGHESHS'S
OPERA.

LAST night a dress rehearsal of "Katherine, or the Austrian Captive," took place at this Theatre, which was attended by a numerous audience, amongst whom were some of the most distinguished musical professors of the day, all on the tip-toe of expectation, to hear how a Lord would acquit himself as a composer and dramatic contrapuntist; and all very eager to bestow the faint praise of "very well for a Lord" upon every morceau that exhibited any pretensions to approbation. We, amongst the rest, must needs give our opinion of this noble production, and it follows accordingly. Lord B. has committed two errors "in limine." First, he has evinced temerity, and even something bordering upon presumption, by re-setting the words already so admirably set and arranged by Storace, in "The Siege of Belgrade," (the former name of the Opera.) Secondly, he should have written his music to Italian words. His taste lies in that language—he is not at home in his own; it likes not to have its sense sacrificed to sound, as the "*bellissima lingua per la musica*" now and then permits, and consequently he was by no means an illustrative, though an illustrious musician, on this occasion. However, *cæteris paribus*, his Opera is a praiseworthy performance, and would do credit to nine out of every ten professional composers. The chief fault of it is monotony, particularly in the accompaniments. There is not sufficient "colour"—not painting enough to support that interest which springs from variety and contrast, and enables us to listen to three long acts of fiddling and scraping. Another thing, there is no design in the accompaniments beyond the filling up, which vice his Lordship, of course, contracted in Italy. Of the execution of the opera, by the pupils of the Royal Academy, we speak favourably. Miss Childs and Miss Bromley sang exceedingly well, as also did Mr. Bennett, who, by the bye, we believe, is not one of the Academy students; he was encoined in his serenade. On the whole, the opera was frequently honoured with loud and universal applause, for his Lordship was as pleased as anybody.

The Council of Public Instruction has adopted Hermann's Franco-German Grammar, for the use of all colleges and public schools in France.

Phenomenon.—A great noise is said to have been lately heard in a lake near Langenssee, on the island of Funen, in Denmark, and immediately afterwards an enormous multitude of fish made their appearance on the surface of the water, then swam with great velocity towards the opposite shore, and drove against it with so much violence, that numbers of them covered its margin with their dead bodies.

Remarkable Skull.—Dr. Valentine has lately given us a description of a most singular relic of this kind, which is preserved in the cabinet of Natural History at Marseilles. Its owner died in that city in the year 1616: his height did not exceed four feet, and his head alone was three feet in circumference. He attained to the age of fifty, and as he advanced in years, he was obliged to carry a pillow on each shoulder as a resting-place for his caput.

German Periodical Literature.—The "Newspaper Price Current," for 1830, (a catalogue of periodicals annually published by the newspaper office at Berlin,) enumerates no fewer than six hundred and sixty-three papers and journals as emanating from the prolific press of our German neighbours. Of this number, 115 are devoted to politics, and 212 to literature and science: and yet, the catalogue does not include Stock Exchange lists, papers connected with commerce and shipping, &c.; nor, as a correspond-

ent remarks, does it comprise any but the most popular publications!

Thorwaldsen.—The abbate Missirini, two years ago, commenced a splendid series of outlines, in a folio form, of the productions of this illustrious sculptor's chisel. It appears in parts, each containing four plates, and has now proceeded rather more than half way towards completion; seventy-six engravings having been published out of one hundred and twenty, and these, accompanied by an illustrative text in French and Italian. The basso-relievos of this eminent artist, many of which are admirably given in Missirini's work, deserve to be ranked with the finest models of Grecian or Roman art.

Mendicants.—One of the late numbers of the Journal of the Ministry of the Home Department at St. Petersburg mentions, as a prominent trait of the Tartar character, that beggars are not allowed amongst that race. They make use of their indigent brethren, whom they call *Bai-gush*, or men without homes, as messengers; cripples, and individuals incapacitated by old age, must be supported by their own relatives, or, in case the latter have not the necessary means, by the priesthood, who are allowed to levy an import on the property of deceased persons for this purpose.

Chinese Criminal Code.—The criminal board, or "Hingpoo," has recently memorialized His Majesty of the Celestial Empire, and besought him to sanction an improved edition of the Criminal Code. The late emperor directed that that code should be revised and corrected, and that such revision and amendment should be published every five years; the work of the first five being confined to a slight revision, and that of the second five, or tenth year, being extended to a thorough purgation and correction. At present, says the Hingpoo, in consequence of the numerous alterations, which have taken place during the last ten years (the period that has elapsed since the accession of Taoukwang, the reigning sovereign), the changes and modifications in criminal jurisprudence have been so multifarious, that the practice is at utter variance with the code itself. Much has been said of the immutability of Chinese institutions: nay, his Celestial Majesty and his ministry are noted for the pains they take to declare their abhorrence of innovation; and yet, it is obvious, from the instance we have just adduced, that at least the laws of China are of different stuff to the code of the Medes and Persians.

Naturalist and other Societies.—A former number gave an account of the recent assembly of the Society of German Naturalists at Hamburg. Not only this association, but most of the societies established in Switzerland are of a nomadic character. Amongst these are, the Society of Natural Science, the Helvetic Society, the Society of Public Utility, the Musical Society, the St. Gall Society of Education, the Medical Society of Berne, &c. The fundamental statutes of all these institutions are, that they shall meet once a year in some fresh spot, and the managers for each year shall be resident in the town where the meeting takes place. No ceremonious forms of introduction are exacted from such as may be desirous of attending them; mere devotion to the cause of art or science forms an all-sufficient qualification; nor is any other introduction necessary beyond the recommendation of two members, or the bare circumstance of having attended at two preceding meetings.

The Vine.—There is no plant which has such ample and indisputable claims to our veneration, as the juicy vine; nor any which has equal pretensions to "so gray an antiquity of idolatry." What reader needs to be reminded, that it was a pet-child with good father Noah? The juice of the grape is named, indeed, almost in the same breath with the culture of the parent vine

itself. It was amongst the earliest offerings dedicated to the Divinity.—But what concern have we with such things in this age of *utilitarian* sobriety? We are in error, if we conceive that the vine, now cultivated, is indigenous to European climes; since Humboldt tells us that it grows wild in Armenia and Caramania, as well as along the coasts of the Caspian. Thence it travelled into Greece, and from that classic sky was introduced into Sicily. The Phœnicians carried it to the south of France, and the Romans domesticated it on the banks of the Rhine. In both of those countries the vine is attached to poles; but in Spain these are not used; and the plant is kept short in its growth, in order that it may possess as tout stem. In Greece and Italy it clings to trees, walls, and trellis work, or verandas. It attains to a good old age: even Pliny speaks of a vine that had survived six centuries; and it is matter of notoriety that there are vineyards in France and Italy, which are not only precisely in the same condition as they were three hundred years ago, but continue to yield abundant crops. The wood of the vine becomes uncommonly solid when of old standing, and, in warm climates, the stem grows to such a size, that boards are sawed out of it and converted to the manufacture of furniture and other articles. Strabo even mentions a vine-tree, the girth of which required the arms of two men to compass.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

LITERATURE.

Forthcoming.—In a few days, in one volume duodecimo, Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries, including an Historical Sketch of the progress and present state of some of the principal Protestant Missions of late years.

Mr. R. S. Mackenzie, late editor of the Carlisle Patriot, is preparing for the press a volume to be entitled, "Lays of Palestine, Lays of the Heart, and other Poems."

Mr. D. Grant is about to publish the "Beauties of Modern British Poetry," arranged on the plan of bringing into juxtaposition the particular writings of different authors upon the same subject.

Mr. Keightley is engaged on a work on the Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy.

Just subscribed.—Zelinda, a Persian Tale, by R. Badnall, 3s.—French and English Pictorial Vocabulary, sq. 12mo. 2s. 6d.—History of the Covenanters, 2 vols. 18mo. 8s. 6d.—Abercrombie on the Intellectual Power, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Vines on Glanders and Farcy, 12s.—Lynch's Feudal Dignities, royal 8vo. 14s.—Internal Policy of Nations, 8vo. 6s.—Davis's True Dignity of Human Nature, 12mo. 5s.—Bulmer's Beauties of the Vicar of Llandoverly, fc. 8vo. 5s.—Pratt's History of Savings Banks, 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Rennell's Geography of Herodotus, new edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 14s.—Boscobel Tracts, by J. Hughes, Esq. A.M. 14s.

FINE ARTS.

Forthcoming.—Early in January, a Portrait of G. A. Leigh Keck, Esq. M.P., after T. Phillips, R.A., mezzotinto by Bromley.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to "A Subscriber," but thought it too late a month ago.—"A Recluse," received. The letter is extremely interesting, but out of all admissible length. We will consider if it can be, with justice, abridged.—We cannot answer J. W. publicly, but, though flattered by his good opinion, must tell him he is too severe on others.—Thanks to H. C. D.—Thanks to R. M.; but the writer wants the ease that practice only can give.—Z. is personal. We are never personal, if it can by possibility be avoided, and therefore cannot insert his poetry.—A Friend near Henley, will see that his handwriting was pleasant to us.—There is not much in the hints of "An Observer," but all hints are welcome. With all our vigilance, many things escape us.

The accuracy of the statement respecting the incomes of the Spanish Clergy, which appeared in The Athenæum, having been questioned by a writer in the Morning Herald, we regret exceedingly that the pressure of temporary subjects prevents us from publishing an answer, which is, and has been this fortnight, prepared, and even in type.

Errata.—Page 676, col. 2, l. 4, for "them," read *Shem*.—col. 3, l. 10 from bottom, for "Shimar" read *Shinar*.

P. 684, col. 2, l. 14, for "Massa" read *Mafra*. In justice to a young Artist, it ought to have been stated, that "Diana preparing for the Bath," mentioned in our last notice of the Birmingham Exhibition, is the first attempt of Mr. Edward Lines.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 28	62 43	30.80	W. high.	Cloudy.
Fr. 29	58 36	29.50	W.	Ditto.
Sat. 30	45 36	29.75	W. to N.W.	Clear.
Sun. 31	60 48	29.80	N.W.	Ditto.
Mon. 1	61 47	29.50	W.	Cloudy.
Tues. 2	61 46	29.90	W.	Ditto.
Wed. 3	58 47	29.78	S to S.W.	Ditto.

Prevaling Clouds.—Cirrostratus and Cumulus. Nights and Mornings for the greater part fair. Mean temperature of the week, 49°.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Mars in conjunction on Friday.

— in perigee on Sunday, at 7h. P.M.

Jupiter's geocentric long. on Wed. 13° 13' in Capricorn.

Mars — — — 22° 24' in Pisces.

Sun's — — — 10° 34' in Scorpio.

Length of day on Wed. 5h. 50m.; decreased, 6h. 44m.

Sun's horary motion 2' 30". Logarithmic number of distance 9.99619.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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